

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE elections of last week may fairly be taken to show that on the whole the relative strength of the Republicans and Democrats is probably not as yet materially changed from what it was last year. The Republican party is a hard party to get out to the polls at any time but during the excitement of a Presidential election, and this for various reasons, moral and physical. Many of its members are no politicians; not very many are at all well drilled as partisans. Besides this, it is a fact that the Republican party, which is a rural party, has to walk in the aggregate, take the country through, some hundreds of thousands or millions more miles to deposit its ballots than the Democratic. In a country of "dirt roads," and an election month of bad weather, these are considerations of weight. But it is pretty clear that on the whole Grant's administration is generally approved. He could to-day, in spite of what mistakes he has made, be elected over Seymour and Blair by about the majority he got last November. Minnesota, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin go Republican—Wisconsin by rather more than last year's majority; the other two by a good deal less. Massachusetts, indeed, casts a lighter vote than she did two years ago, when, also as this year, the liquor question was before the people. New Jersey is Democratic, and a little more Democratic than she was when she last elected a legislature, for the anti-Republican majority on joint ballot is now 11 instead of 7. There also the vote was light. Here in New York it was very light; and the Democrats are seen, as the returns come in, to have carried everything—State ticket, Senate, and House—and to have defeated the constitution, and all the separately submitted clauses. In Illinois it may be—but we cannot now tell—that the constitutional convention is in the hands of the Democrats, for there was a good deal of scratching and of transferring votes for local and private reasons—notably for reasons relating to temperance. And in Chicago there are more Democrats than before in the city government; but they are there as "Reformers," all party lines having been disregarded by their supporters; and we do not know what harm they are likely to do in the convention.

In this State the result would have been different had the country vote not been so surprisingly small. It never before was so much behind the real strength of the party, and as it happened, the Republicans of this city did so well, and the Democrats so ill, proportionally, that a respectable country vote would have elected the whole Republican ticket and saved the Legislature. But the more we hear from the distant counties, the worse it is. Sigel, however, runs ahead of his ticket, and

the Republican leaders will probably take note that they may have a majority of the German voters at any time when they will overhaul their opinions on the subject of lager-bier drinking. Mr. Greeley will not run much, if any at all, ahead of the rest of the ticket. A belief among some of the lower orders of Democrats that he is peculiarly "the working-man's friend," and a man of singular honesty of character, and the friend of the Fenian, procured for him a large vote among the Democrats of this city. But in the country he did not so well. Why he did not is probably to be answered by saying that the farmers have not yet forgiven him for signing Jefferson Davis's bail-bond, and perhaps have never recovered the confidence in his strength of mind which they had before that event. It is related that the Hartford firm who published his "American Conflict," which had formerly been selling largely in the small towns that are the "book agents'" field, began to lose money on the work immediately after it was known that Mr. Greeley had become one of Davis's bondsmen. Before that, orders had been coming in at the rate of 500 a day; after that, so few came in that there was a loss of \$50,000 on the publication. Besides the apathy of the Republicans, it is to be observed, as one of our contemporaries remarks, that this was a great year for "getting even," and numberless spites were gratified as well as much vengeance wreaked for past rascality. Thus, Mr. Younglove can name three or four men in his own camp who caused his defeat for senator. Mr. La Bau can do the same thing; so can Mr. Root, another senatorial candidate; while two city candidates for the Assembly attribute their defeat to Mr. Charles S. Spencer, whose "sainted father's old family Bible," which Mr. Spencer rescued from the flames at the peril of his life, in 1863, might as well, it would seem, have been left to perish by fire. From all we hear of him, our sorrow for the rout of the Republicans is not the sorrow of those without hope. Possibly he and the like of him may now be driven out of the party they have used and abused.

The Democrats, as we have said, not only have the State offices but both branches of the Legislature, and can now do what they like with us. They can, if they choose, give us a police force in this city and Brooklyn which will put a million and a half of people under the surveillance of men such as Sheriff O'Brien's deputies—robbers, murderers, and thieves; they can abolish the various Metropolitan Boards of Commissioners, which, although they have been the seats of more or less corruption, and have helped to demoralize the Republican party, have nevertheless interposed the power of the State at large between the decent men of the city and the plunderers who have made them a prey; they can "gerrymander" the districts both Congressional and Legislative, so that it will not be so easy for the Republicans again to get control of them; they can give us rum-shops open every hour in the day and night and every day in the week; they can make every ward in the city a paradise for repeaters; they can tax the whole State as they please, and compel every man in it to assist in paying the running expenses of Tammany—in short, they can do as they like. But whether they will go the whole length of their tether is another question. There are some indications that the leaders are disposed to be cautious, and though Governor Hoffman promised "local self-government" as the result of the victory of his party, Mr. Peter B. Sweeney may be of a different mind. Places in the Health Board and the others are convenient things to distribute among the clamorous, and probably Democratic Commissioners, appointed by the Governor, might be better than direct Democratic rule by the New York city rank and file.

Massachusetts is certainly carried by the Anti-Prohibitionists, and

this, as we have said, on a lighter vote than was got out when, two years since, the Prohibitionists carried the State. It is plain, then, that the working of the law is not satisfactory to the Temperance men, and this discontent is not, we think, attributable to the hypocritical way in which the law has been enforced so much as to a belief that strict enforcement is impracticable. Governor Claflin's and Mr. William Spooner's attitude would seem to show that this is true; and we rather doubt if we shall again see Massachusetts oscillating between "no rum" and "free rum"—this year a License legislature, next a Prohibitionist. Still, the question has not been thoroughly discussed since Governor Andrew died; and he discussed it amid the howling of the Prohibitionists, and the howling, too, of the drinking men, who were more glad to have so honored a man on their side than willing to take his advice as to moderation. Since then it is in the old, blind, unscientific way that the matter has been handled, and we have no confident hope that we shall see a judicious, really effective License Law put on the statute-books. The railroad lobbying of last winter seems to have been visited at the polls this year upon some of the senators and representatives who were mixed up in it, and Needham—the senator who reported that, to be sure, there was a belief among outsiders that the lobby had some power to influence legislation, but that the lobby and the Legislature know how foolish and groundless such a belief was—has, we are pleased to learn, been left at home, where he ought to meditate on the estimable character of Mr. Bret Harte's "Truthful James."

The Tennessee Legislature has laid on the table the motion to declare Mr. Henry Cooper's election to the Senate null and void, and has done so on the ground that the United States Senate is the sole judge of the qualification of its members, and that such a State statute as that cited in the case of Mr. Cooper has been repeatedly set aside at Washington and disregarded.

Rumors of the approach of the decision on the constitutionality of the legal tender act, in the cases argued before the Court last winter, are again rife. We see no reason to change the opinion as to what the decision will be which we expressed more than a year ago; but we admit that no opinion on the subject is worth much, or indeed is anything better than a deduction from what is known of the general leanings of the judges on other questions of the same class. But it is quite safe to say that the opinion of Mr. Spalding, the framer of the act, that it was essentially a war measure, and cannot be held binding after the state of war is over, will not, as has been reported, influence the judgment of the Court. If the Court consulted him as to what the act meant, it would be equally bound to consult every other member who voted for it. This notion of the way courts of law ought to interpret acts of the legislature probably emanates from the gentlemen who think it would be a good thing to cut off the jurisdiction of the Court in the Yerger case, now actually before it. If Yerger has now the right to appeal—and this does not seem to be denied—and the decision of the Court would either save his life or his liberty—and the probability that it will is the sole ground on which the interference of Congress is likely to be invoked—to take it away from him by a special act between the hearing and the decision of his case would be about as monstrous an act of oppression as any legislative body ever perpetrated. We say nothing of the probable effect of such interferences with judicial decisions on the independence of the judiciary, and on the popular respect for it and confidence in it, though on these points a great deal might be said. It is worth while reminding the Republican promoters of such schemes, however, that whatever indulgence there may have been for these tricks with the Supreme Court during the excitement arising out of the war, people are now rather tired of them, and the only result of any importance they can possibly accomplish will be in the way of facilitating the accession of a Democratic President in 1872.

One or two papers have announced during the week that that now well-known gentleman—whom the Secretary of the Treasury sends to Europe to negotiate a great loan with that equally well-known person,

the Frankfort or London banker, who so frequently offers to lend any amount of money to the United States at four per cent., or even less—has started once more on his travels. He seems this time, however, to have got off without the Secretary's knowledge, as Mr. Boutwell denies that he despatched him, and even goes so far as to deny that the Frankfort or London banker has offered the four per cent. loan. We are glad of this denial, because it will relieve a good many people from the necessity of accounting for the willingness of these foreign bankers to lend money to the United States at four per cent., when any quantity of its bonds at seven or eight per cent. are to be had. Another puzzle from which the public, we are glad to say, have been relieved, is the whereabouts, name, and occupation of the persons engaged in the attempt to get the soldiers' and sailors' pension stopped, which both the Republican and Democratic parties have for several years so vigorously protested against in their platforms. The absence from these instruments this year of the customary solemn declaration that the pensions should be paid as usual, satisfies us, and we trust will satisfy everybody, that this nefarious scheme has been abandoned, its promoters being doubtless appalled by the unanimity with which they were met by our indomitable politicians.

We commented severely last June on the conduct of the Massachusetts Legislature in lending the credit of the State to the Boston, Hartford, and Erie Railroad Company, upon certain conditions, to see to the exact fulfilment of which three commissioners were appointed; in afterwards legislating these commissioners out of office, and paying over the money without their approval, and without the fulfilment of the conditions; and in accepting from a committee a ridiculous report whitewashing a corrupt attempt to withhold certain evidence of the condition of the road from the commissioners. A correspondent in Boston thereupon wrote us a letter trying to persuade us that it was all right, and that the State had done a good thing, because although it had lent its credit to the corrupt and unprincipled gang who now have charge of the Erie Railroad, the gang in return bought "certain flats owned by the Commonwealth" at a very high price. There never was a particle of doubt as to the impression the transaction would make on the outside world. If anybody had any doubts about it, however, we hope they have been removed by the news that the State agent, Mr. George Walker, has been unable to raise a small loan in Europe. To appreciate the full gravity of his failure, too, it must be remembered that two years ago the credit of Massachusetts stood as high as that of any government in the world. The people of the Commonwealth have the consolation of knowing, however, that they have palmed off those "flats," at high prices, on the fine old house of Fisk, Gould, Eldridge & Co.

We hear nothing more of the prosecution of the investigation into the charges against General Butterfield, much less of his being brought to trial for them, and we do hear talk of the whole subject being dropped. We sincerely trust there is no foundation for this rumor. If the Administration allows such charges as have been made against General Butterfield to pass without notice, it will make itself an accessory after the fact to the performances of the Gold Ring. There should as we said last week, not only be enquiry, but public enquiry. Nobody will attach the least importance to an investigation conducted in private, and if there be no enquiry at all, it will be, in the present state of political morals, the greatest scandal of the last ten years, which is saying a great deal.

A subscriber, who has somewhat unaccountably remained ignorant of the leading incidents in Father Hyacinthe's career, writes to ask us to explain how he obtained his present prominence, and whether it is due solely to his revolt against his superiors. He first became eminent by his preaching, which is fine—indeed, places him perhaps at the head of the half-dozen great preachers the world contains. This led to his being appointed to deliver the Advent Sermons at Notre Dame, where he discoursed on questions of popular interest, and drew immense crowds—the fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain setting him down among their luxuries, like a box at the opera. But the sermons



showed signs of liberality which greatly alarmed his superiors, and he at last started off in the general work of reform by appearing at a peace meeting last spring, and making a speech, to which we referred at the time as likely to cause trouble, inasmuch as it contained signs of undue respect for Protestants and Jews. Finally, the private rebukes of his superiors touching the liberalism of his tone, combined with the growing assumption of the Papacy in reference to modern civilization, drove him into writing the letter which led to his withdrawal from his convent and subsequent dismissal from all his charges. The incident would, however, perhaps not have made him famous if it had not occurred just at this juncture, when a large body of Catholics are greatly roused by the extravagance of the Ultramontane pretensions. He has unquestionably enjoyed, up to his departure from France, the hearty sympathy of such men as Montalembert and De Broglie; but it is very doubtful whether they are prepared for the rapidity of his later advance, and whether his free fraternization with Protestants here will not lessen his influence on his return home. He has, however, borne himself thus far with a great deal of dignity and discretion, and if he can keep off the platform till he gets away, will still retain a great deal of strength.

The agitation against free-trade got up by the body calling themselves "Revivers of British Industry" still continues in England, but their meetings are marked by a great deal of confusion and uproar, the audience being generally largely composed of obstreperous, noisy free-traders. The movement cannot be said to make any real progress, owing to the fact that nothing in the shape of proof has yet been produced in support of it. In fact, its sole basis is the prevalence of distress amongst the working classes, but great as this is, the free-traders have not had the least difficulty in showing that it was nearly twice as great in the years immediately preceding the abandonment of protection. There is no doubt that in many branches of industry the heavier orders are given to the Belgian and French markets, instead of the English, but the masters say that this is due entirely to their inability to count on their labor supply. What with strikes, trades unions, and other restrictions, manufacturers are either afraid to take large orders at all, or can only take them at prices which foreigners find no difficulty in going below. In fact, the salvation of British industry seems to depend on the possibility of discovering some more satisfactory mode of determining the rate of wages than the present one, or of including Continental and English workmen in the same unions, and thus putting all masters on the same level. But unless trades unions display more good sense than marks many of their performances now, the success of the latter plan would probably result in injuring Continental industry, without helping that of Great Britain.

The New York *Tribune*, four weeks ago (Oct. 11), published an "authoritative" statement "for the first time in America," that the French Emperor was afflicted with a painful disease of the bladder, and on one occasion, in order to get relief from the pain it caused him, had, without revealing his condition even to his medical advisers, secretly burnt his own back along the spine with a lighted candle. An "authoritative" statement on such a subject could of course hardly come from anybody but the Emperor himself, with whom the *Tribune's* correspondent is doubtless intimate, and we were doing our very best to believe it when our contemporary announced (Nov. 5) that the story had been "directly confirmed" by another story which had just appeared "in a Philadelphia paper," which had got it from a friend of Mr. George Wilkes, who got it in a private letter from Mr. Wilkes from Paris, who got it from a conversation with Dr. Brown-Séquard, who saw it in an article "in a Paris paper," supposed to have been written by a physician, "an able but dissolute man," formerly employed by the Emperor, but dismissed for his bad habits, and now engaged in earning an honest penny by publishing his professional secrets. An "authoritative" statement which can be "directly confirmed" in this way is certainly a very queer affair; but still, after reading this, nobody but a Paynim or atheist could any longer doubt, and we frankly accept the story about "the fungus of the bladder." But then what about the cauterization with the lighted candle? What does the dissolute physician say on this

point? We long to believe this, too. Give us the bad man's exact words.

The interval between now and the 20th inst., the period fixed for the meeting of the Corps Législatif in France, will be passed as at present in speculations as to what additional reforms the Emperor will propose. The latest and most probable rumors represent his plans as containing nothing that the leaders consider to be of vital importance, omitting notably the abolition of Article 75 of the constitution, protecting Government functionaries from prosecution. In the meantime, M. Rouher, who is specially obnoxious to the Liberals, and whose overthrow was their greatest triumph, continues to hang about the palace, and many are haunted by the fear of his restoration. The appointment of Marshal Bazaine to the command of the Imperial Guard, too, has been looked on as a sign that the Government means mischief, Bazaine being passably ferocious, as his Mexican exploits testified; but it appears that he comes in in the regular way of promotion, standing next on the list to St. Jean d'Angely, who is very old and feeble, and retires. It is very improbable, indeed, that the Government will resort to violence unless in the last extremity. The Emperor's life is beyond doubt near its close, and the worst legacy he could leave his son and wife would be the memory of a second street butchery—always supposing that the troops could be got to use the Chassepot rifle on the people, which many who know the army deny. Rochefort has returned to Paris, the Emperor specially ordering him to be permitted to pass the frontier, and he is running for the Corps Législatif and receiving "ovations."

The way the newspapers are treating the Emperor is, in the meantime, brutal to the last degree. There has probably been nothing like it in the history of the press, and their comments on and accounts of his bodily infirmities have something Indian in their ferocious glee. The *Réveil*—the paper from which the *Tribune*, apparently without knowing it, got its "direct confirmation" of its "authoritative" statement—through Dr. Brown-Séquard, George Wilkes, a friend of George Wilkes, and a Philadelphia paper, about the Emperor's case—has been publishing some articles on the disease from a "Dr. X.," and dwells with apparent delight on the fact that according to the doctor the disease is the same as that of which Sainte-Beuve has just died. Twenty years ago this sort of thing could not have gone on so long without "a descent into the streets," to use the revolutionary lingo; but there appears no danger of that now. Universal suffrage seems to act as a kind of safety-valve, and then the leaders, and indeed all classes, have made, even under the empire, great advances in political intelligence. Probably, also, the greatly increased means of destruction now at the disposal of the Government exercise a steadying influence on Republican politicians.

The news of Victor Emanuel's dangerous condition is leading people to look for a new crisis in Italian affairs. The French Government is said to be apprehensive of a Mazzinian insurrection. The king's disappearance from the scene, however, would hardly produce much effect on politics. He is not in the least a politician, and the kind of esteem he has enjoyed as a loyal plucky fellow, of loose life, has not been of a kind to do much towards smoothing over sectional differences. The disorders in the finances still continue, partly owing to the complete financial incapacity of the Chambers, and to the total failure of Southern Italy to pay taxes. In addition to this the Piedmontese party, which was always opposed to the annexation of the little kingdom to Italy, is rendered fiercer in its discontent, not by the great increase of their burdens—for they *do* pay their taxes—but by the growing preponderance in affairs of the more volatile, lazy, and corrupt Neapolitans. But there is no likelihood of things being made worse than they are by Victor Emanuel's death. There is some chance of their being made better. According to the latest accounts, however, he is out of danger, which as regards the Ecumenical Council is unfortunate, as his death just before its meeting would have been singularly *apropos*, as an apparent fulfilment of the clerical predictions so often made, that he and the like of him would, for their sins against the Pope, come to a bad end.

## OUR GREAT CITIES.

THE restoration of the Democratic party to power in this State, for the first time in fifteen years; the failure, owing to the indifference and hostility of the country voters, and the cheating of New York politicians, of the attempt to reform the judiciary by the adoption of the judiciary article of the new constitution, to say nothing of the constitution itself; the strong prospect which the Democratic triumph opens up of the abolition of the State Commissions by which the Republican party has tried to provide for the good government of this city, or at least to mitigate the evils of the government provided for it by its own people, have set people thinking once more seriously on the "great city" question. Their interest in it, too, has been quickened by the recent revelations of the state of corruption into which municipal affairs have fallen in San Francisco, in Chicago, though Chicago is only a bantling compared to New York, and also in Philadelphia, though Philadelphia is not, as New York is, the receptacle for the dregs of the European immigration, and by the reflection, which every thinking man now makes, that should our material progress continue at the present rate, we shall in twenty years have ten times as many great cities as we have now, and the largest will be twice or three times as large as any we have now. The tendencies of trade and industry are all in that direction, and the drift of population to "great centres" is stimulated to the highest point by our modes of education. The common schools, the periodical literature, the pulpits, the free libraries, the diffusion of artistic taste, the railroads, the telegraphs, every invention which, by relieving people from the smaller and coarser cares, gives free play to their intellectual faculties, help to make the solitude of the country or the monotony of village life more and more repulsive.

For these and other reasons, we look on the attempts that one constantly meets with in the press to treat New York as something exceptional, which the rest of the country can afford to look on and laugh at, and which the State may, if the worst comes to the worst, cut off altogether, and leave to take care of itself, as based on a most extraordinary and mischievous delusion. The government of New York presents no difficulty which that of Boston and Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and Buffalo and Chicago and St. Louis, and dozens of other great cities, the foundations of which are perhaps not yet laid, will not present within the lifetime of children already born. Moreover, there is no use in maundering about the effects of foreign immigration, or about the inattention of rich men to politics, or about the unhealthy craving of farmers' sons for the excitement of city life. The politician's concern is not with "what might have been," but what *is*. The actual facts of society form the elements of the problem he has to solve. Had the United States admitted no immigrants, its politics would doubtless have been purer than they are, but its population would only be a third of what it now is, its wealth less than a third, and its weight in the world would hardly have been perceptible, and some of the brightest names on its roll of worthies would be wanting. Who is there who is ready to say that he would, had he now the choice, surrender the greatness of the country in return for an obscure tranquillity? It would profit us little to have a boundless area of fertile land if we had no men to till it; to have rich mines, if we had no men to work them; to have great ideas, if we had not the material force necessary to carry them out. At any rate, there is now no choice left. America as it is, and is likely to be, and not America as it would have been if everything had been done differently, and each generation had known what was going to happen in the next, is what American citizens have to occupy themselves with at present.

To say, as many people say, therefore, that the democratic system of government contains no provision for the government of large cities, is—like saying that it cannot be carried on without rotation in office—tantamount to an admission that it is a total failure. No system of government is successful which is incompetent to deal with all the exigencies of the country or state of society in which it exists. A government in this age, and in this country, can no more confine itself to the charge of country districts, and decline all responsibility for cities, than it can declare that it exists only for the benefit of married couples, and refuse to provide protection for bachelors and single

women. The influence of cities is now almost all-pervading. They draw to them the most energetic and enterprising of the population, the greatest talent as well as the greatest wealth, the soberest and steadiest and most intelligent, as well as the most ignorant and vicious. City ideas and city standards of morality spread through the country as surely, though perhaps not as rapidly, as city fashions in dress. The closeness with which farmers' daughters now copy the cut of city women's clothes is but one symptom of the process of moral and intellectual assimilation which is going on, and which is rapidly transforming vast tracts of our territory into mere suburbs of great towns. The condition of the judiciary in this State is a striking illustration of the fallacy of the notion that a real line of demarcation can be kept up very long between city and State morals and politics. There are just as bad judges on the country as on the city bench, and the sole reason, in our opinion, why there are not more of them bad is that they are not as yet exposed to the same temptations as their city brethren. Whenever city gamblers find it desirable to "own" country judges, they will certainly find no more difficulty in doing so than they now find in buying up country legislators. There is an idea now running through some men's minds, that if New York city and the river counties were only cut off, and made into a separate State, the rest of New York would live ever after in Arcadian purity and simplicity, as if no large cities were growing up in Western New York, or as if its Legislature would never have any charters to grant, or fat offices to distribute, or money to vote; as if Rochester and Syracuse and Buffalo would not in a very few years present the same phenomena as New York does now; or as if the Fisks and Goulds never crossed State lines, and were strictly domestic in their corruption.

Some persons get rid of all anxiety about the city question by cherishing the belief, for which there is not a particle of foundation, that things must sink to some undefined condition which they call the "lowest point" before there can be any improvement, and that, once there, a sudden change for the better will take place, and up we shall go as surely as we came down. Now, this is an almost childish hallucination. Sudden changes in great communities mean revolution, and we have no materials whatever for a revolution. There is about as much chance of our escaping from popular government in the broadest sense of the word, as of our retarding the roll of the seasons. The whole tendency of modern society is towards democracy. Not only is there no longer any hope for kings and aristocracies, but the very stuff out of which they were made—the loyalty, the reverence for birth and for rank, the inequality of conditions and of intellectual powers and attainments—is disappearing from the face of the earth. It is not rash to say that during the next thousand years the people, *somehow or other*, will govern. We have not among us, and very soon no European nation will have in it, even the makings of a Cæsar of the ordinary brute kind. The elements of a Cæsar—the standing army, the spirit of "militarism," the centralization, the general abstinence of the masses from participation in public life, the general want of political training—are unknown here. They will soon be unknown everywhere. What awaits the world is not a return to despotism or oligarchy, but democracy—good, or bad, or indifferent, orderly, educated, moral, and religious, or turbulent, ignorant, vicious, and materialistic. We shall have no sudden turns in our career; nothing extraordinary is going to happen us. We need look for no "saviour" of society or great political revivals. We shall not wake up some fine morning and find the knaves all hanging to lamp-posts, and the honest men filling their places, under the eyes of a grateful people—pure women infusing mercy into justice, and righteousness into politics—sages in all our council-boards, and saints swarming in our markets. That is not the way the world improves. "The shining table-lands" are only reached by constant "toil of heart and knees and hands."

The moral of all this is, of course, that while everything is done that can be done to improve the popular will, which must be, as it is now, the governing power in the last resort—and it certainly cannot be said that the existing agencies for this object are either few or inefficient—the teachings of reason and experience must be followed more and more in the work of *administration*. No matter how good legislation may be, the affairs of a great people cannot be successfully con-



ducted with defective administrative machinery, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the defects of that with which we are entering on what we may call the great-city era of modern civilization. In the first place, it is folly to suppose that the evils, which as long as human nature is what it is, must always abound where population is densely massed on small areas, can be met by an elected magistracy, holding office for short terms. This is now admitted by all sensible men, and the refusal of the country districts to make any change because their elected judges are thus far satisfactory, is, if what we have been saying as to the present and future relations of city and country be anywhere near the truth, a singular piece of shortsightedness. Corrupt and dependent judges, and corrupt and dependent police magistrates, sooner or later make to crumble the very bases on which civil society rests. There is probably nothing which does more to shake the faith of the young and the ignorant, both in man and God—for few people believe in God very long after having ceased to believe in man. Judge Barrett, in the excellent paper which he read before the Social Science Association last week, on the administration of criminal justice in this city, put down the elective judiciary as the source of all its defects, and admitted that as long as this defect was untouched, the discussion of others was well-nigh useless.

In the second place, as long as we, by our system of filling places in the public service, offer a premium to all the rogues and adventurers of the country to engage in politics as a trade, as long as we supply public men with the means of hiring the services of such, and at the same time make their services essential for entry into public life, no improvement in the moral or intellectual culture of the community at large will make itself felt in our politics. The government will never reflect the people as long as the caucus stands between them and is armed with the power it now possesses. Not that there must not always be caucuses; but caucuses must not be allowed, like the Prætorian Guard at Rome, to put all the honors and places of trust of a great nation up to auction every two or four years, and make the very jails, what the jails of this State now are, the prey of men who, if justice were done, would take their places among the unhappy criminals whom they maltreat and corrupt.

### THE EUROPEAN RADICALS.

IN spite of the immense strides toward popular government which Europe has made during the last ten years, and the general admission of the Conservatives that the cause of privilege is hopelessly lost, liberalism can hardly be said to be in a satisfactory condition, owing to irreconcilable differences of opinion which begin to show themselves in its own ranks. As against despotism, or oligarchy, or religious intolerance, or political inequality, the liberals have been and would always be a very united body; but whenever they gain a decided advantage over the enemy, and the question what should be the next move comes up for discussion, dissensions are apt to break out. Signs of these dissensions, if not the dissensions themselves, already appear in England, France, and Spain, the three countries in which democracy has of late achieved the greatest successes. The Conservative party in England is already discussing seriously whether its very best course now will not be to give up deliberately, for a long period, all hope of regaining office, and sit down simply as an opposition, like the Whigs during the close of the last and the early part of the present century, and wait for the dissolution of the radical hosts, under Gladstone's lead, in its attempts to deal with the numerous and momentous problems which the late Reform vote and the abolition of the Irish Church have brought up for solution, and solution, too, which will not admit of postponement. An article advocating this plan of action, or rather of inaction, has appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and is ascribed to Lord Salisbury, by far the ablest member of the party, whom an untimely fate has carried off to the House of Lords, just as the Commons were becoming sensible of his intellectual weight and brilliancy. The anticipation of the reviewer clearly is, either that the Liberals will break up before they get half through with the reforms now pressing on them, or that, if they succeed in making them, the country will be so sick of reformers and their

ways by the time they are done that it will eagerly seek rest and tranquillity in the Conservative bosom.

It is impossible to deny that there is a great deal of shrewdness in this programme, or that he would not be a bold man who should predict that the motley army which now serves under Gladstone's banners can be held together long enough to make any final disposition of the land question, the Church question, the education question, and the army question.

Crossing over to France, we find the political situation in a more advanced stage, but one very similar in kind. What in a military sense may be called the *élite* of the radical party there, that is, the portion of it which is most restless, most excited, evinces most determination, and therefore holds, and naturally holds, the post of honor in the present struggle with the empire, is separated by a wide gulf from the moderates on the question of what ought to succeed the empire, or, in other words, cherishes an entirely different political ideal from the moderates, and in this ideal, we need hardly say, compromise of any kind with the existing order of things holds no place. Accordingly, the willingness evinced by the liberal deputies who signed the late address to the nation, discountenancing the idea of risking a physical collision with the Government by convening the Corps Législatif on the 26th of October, and indicating their confidence in the results of regular parliamentary warfare, has disgusted and exasperated the radical wing to such a degree that they have hustled, threatened, and refused to hear such men as Pelletan and Bancel at a public meeting, and summoned Jules Favre to undergo a sort of trial before a revolutionary committee—a humiliation to which, however, M. Favre declined to subject himself. They will not hear of the conversion of the empire into a constitutional monarchy, or of the substitution of another dynasty for the present one, or of any arrangement looking to the preservation of the present social order—the *régime* of inviolable property and of competition. Their dream of the future was shadowed forth, somewhat vaguely it is true, by Victor Hugo at the late Peace Conference at Lausanne, and though they all look to the approaching reign of perpetual peace, they agree with him in thinking that it will have to be inaugurated by an unusually bloody war, and do not trouble themselves with the keen question which M. de Mazade asks M. Hugo in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, how he proposes to root out the hate and bitterness which this great war of pacification must necessarily leave behind in the hearts of the vanquished, because, if we have war, we must have vanquished as well as victors. We thus seem to have reached a point in French politics, also, at which the empire might, it would seem, by a policy of even moderate dexterity, divide the liberals into two warring camps, and draw to itself a goodly number of deserters from among the timid.

In Spain, the republicans, who are the equivalent of the French "Reds," have shown an extraordinary want of political ability, and have not only failed to take advantage of the tremendous mistakes of their opponents, but have committed mistakes of their own which are twice as great, if that be possible. Up to the meeting of the Constituent Cortes, they may be said to have had everything their own way, and held the winning cards. They got the question of the future form of government referred to an assembly chosen by universal suffrage, instead of being decided, as might readily have been the case, and as would only have accorded too well with recent Spanish usage, by the knots of military malcontents who drove out Isabella. They got themselves splendidly represented in the Cortes, the ablest orators being in their ranks. The constitution which was drawn up contained nearly all the cardinal doctrines of their political creed. It declared the form of government to be monarchical, it is true; but the long delay in finding a king made it certain that the king, when found, would be but a king in name; that the government would be a republic in all but the name; and that a little patience might even bring the name as well as reality. Just as the monarchists, however, were reaching the last degree of embarrassment, the republicans proceeded to help them out of their difficulties by a series of unconnected risings in the various large towns, not one of which was serious enough to give the troops much trouble, but all of which together have alarmed and disgusted business men and property owners generally,

and roused once more that love of peace and quiet at any cost which has in all ages proved the best friend of monarchies and the worst foe of republics.

The state of things in the three countries is in fact fresh illustration of the correctness of the conclusion we have more than once ventured to put forth, that the general reform movement which has been going on in the western world ever since the French Revolution, is reaching the last limits of what may be called the political stage, and that the leaders in it are now engaged in deciding whether they will break completely with the past of the human race and attempt a reorganization of society on a new theoretic basis, or be content to let the individual work out his destiny under political equality, existing social traditions, and free competition. The value of the institutions of property and of marriage, the propriety of giving legal play to differences of capacity and temperament, are slowly but surely coming under question, and as they make their appearance in the arena, the historic reformers, as we may call the moderates, who will not advance without feeling the past under their feet, and who believe that human nature is stronger than constitutions or laws, begin to hesitate. The latter have, it must be admitted, the great body of the community at their back, and however much they may be worsted in the forum, find at the fireside abundant consolation for their defeats. The left wing of the radicals, who are mostly enthusiasts and speculators and men of the cities, always underestimate the *vis inertiae* of the established order of things—the tenacity with which the body of every people cling to their old ways, and prejudices, and traditions, and the immeasurable gulf which separates the reformatory convention from the average householder, when it comes to the discussion of the distribution or accumulation of property, or the relations between husband and wife or parents and children. When the French "Red," for instance, talks of a redistribution of landed property on principles of pure justice, he takes no count of the four millions of French proprietors who are not only not open to conviction on this or any cognate subject, but would probably resist any interference with their rights—as they now exist—as long as there was a man amongst them able to shoulder a musket.

We may say, by way of summing up, that as long as reformers were occupied with political questions, they were on debatable ground, which has been fought over, in every age, with varying fortune by the two great parties which have existed in every political community since government began—the party of rest, and the party of advance—and one which men expect to fight, and expect to be beaten on occasionally. But in attempting to touch social questions with the finger of the law, they venture on ground which has hitherto been held sacred, and accordingly find arrayed in defence of it passions which neither political nor even religious controversies have ever been able to call forth, for they touch the *home*, perhaps the tenderest spot in man's moral constitution. "Pro aris et focis" was one of the earliest and most potent of battle-cries, even when all that those who used it had to fear was the temporary desolation of their hearths. Altars are no longer objects either of vigorous attack or of vigorous defence; but threaten men, however remotely, with the total abolition of the hearth as an institution, and they will find themselves face to face with an enemy whose very mercies are cruel.

#### SELF-MADE MEN AS PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

THE death of George Peabody takes from the world the most munificent benefactor it has ever known. For although other men have lived who have been perhaps as liberal with the goods with which fortune has provided them, still their fame has generally been confined to some corner of the earth, and never been spread abroad over its whole surface. But of Mr. Peabody it may certainly be said that no civilized country is unacquainted with his name—that his virtues have been sung in every quarter of the habitable globe. The fame which in other days was the reward of despoilers, conquerors, and devastators, of men who made it the business of their lives to overrun the earth with fire and slaughter, has in our time been reserved for one whose highest aim in life was to give where others had robbed, to heal where others had wounded, to restore what others had laid waste. Nor is it

at all likely that Mr. Peabody's example will remain uncopied. The vast accumulations of property in the hands of individuals for which the present age is becoming famous, certainly afford, and are almost as certain to suggest, the opportunity of munificence to their possessors. Indeed, with the shining instances before us of Cornell, in this State, of Street, the founder of the New Haven School of Art, of Sheffield, the founder of the Scientific School, who can doubt that munificence has a fairer future to look forward to? Perhaps we are really coming upon that period of the world which has been so long sighed for, in which wealth shall be regarded by the wealthy simply as a means of beautifying and benefiting the earth and mankind—a reproduction of that earlier age when Roman Civilization, joining hand with Grecian Art, made the world that garden of delight which has been the envy and despair of after generations. To be sure, the picture, like all pictures, has another side. The spectacle of the careers of Fisk and Vanderbilt and Drew does not fill the mind with ecstatic visions of the future. But so long as men continue to make a distinction between their property and that of such men as Peabody and Cornell, so long there is hope that vulgar selfishness will not triumph completely over philanthropic generosity.

If for the next century or two the American people is to be greatly enriched, as seems more than probable, by the benefactions of self-made men, it is of the utmost importance that there should be some general agreement as to what sort of benefits it desires from them, and what it does not. If the Peabodys and Cornells of the future are to endow our schools and colleges, build our galleries and museums, in short, foster art and literature, it is of no little consequence that these self-made men should have some general conception of the actual need which their generosity is to supply. In the very nature of things, it is almost impossible for them to find out for themselves; for, being self-made, and having on that account very little connection with either the literary or the artistic world, the moment they make an attempt to endow a college, to establish a professorship, or to found a school, they find themselves completely at sea. They know, in the first place, very little of what has already been done, and next to nothing of what is wanted. The result is, in some cases, the establishment of an institution with a foundation quite insufficient for its necessities, which drags on a galvanized life, while preventing by its unnecessary existence the proper application of the funds on which it feeds; in others, the needless assistance of some old department, which, already vigorous in full action, could well dispense with the benefactor's bounty; in others, such minute designation of the channels in which the donor's munificence is to flow as to make the gift almost worthless.

One of the most striking instances of ill-advised endowments has been furnished by Mr. Peabody himself. If there is any department of education which might be safely let alone by benefactors, it is that of popular education; for it is a department whose importance is already recognized by every one—by every State, town, and county; by every lyceum orator, by every stump speaker, by every candidate for every office in the country. The "School System" of the United States is a system upon which more eulogiums have been showered than upon any institution—unless it be the suffrage—which we possess. There is small danger, then, that its shadow will ever diminish. Mr. Peabody might have rested assured that the Southern States would build up a school system for themselves, by taxation, just as the Northern States have, in time, without extraneous help. There is nothing for which taxes are more readily paid. And this will be so just as long as we have popular government, and just as long as it is generally understood that the main safeguard of such government is popular education. There is no need for individuals to assist in building an edifice which a whole nation is already lavishing its resources upon. And it is to be remembered too, though this is a secondary consideration, that Mr. Peabody's gift was unfortunate in another way—that of filling people with the delusive idea that the whole work had been done, while in reality his two millions were a mere drop in the bucket. The interest on this sum is but \$140,000, an amount which will hardly supply with proper teachers and schools a large Southern city like Savannah or Charleston. But people look at the capital, and forget the narrowness of the income. They see that two millions have been given, and think



the whole work has been done. No doubt Mr. Peabody's munificence has seriously impaired whatever nascent disposition towards self-support existed in the South before.

The same thing is to be said of the endowments of churches, which are such favorites with the philanthropic rich. Certainly if there is anything in the world which ought to be supported in a popular way, it is churches. They, like the common schools, have popular bodies interested in their support, and these bodies have, or ought to have, the welfare of their sect sufficiently at heart to pour out their abundance for it. If they have not—if they must apply to individuals for necessary support, then they have no *raison d'être*; from that moment they should cease to exist. Yet there is nothing more common than for self-made men to suppose that the best thing they can do for the world is to do the work which it is pre-eminently the work of congregations to perform. It is no uncommon thing to see a church whose congregation is too lazy to raise a salary fit to support a minister, richly endowed by some affectionate son of the church with money for an organ or a belfry, or some such equally unnecessary addition. Of course religious considerations of a personal nature sometimes enter into the motives which prompt these donations, and these considerations are of a kind which no argument could affect. Still we imagine that in any given instance of sectarian endowment, most members, if not of the sect endowed, at least of all the rest, will agree that the gift was not required, and should have been postponed until satisfactory evidence was furnished that the congregation was doing its duty in more elementary particulars.

There is, however, a department of education quite as important as the instruction afforded by the common schools and the churches—the higher education furnished by universities. For these very little popular aid is to be expected, or indeed desired. The people will never consent to a general tax for the purpose of instructing a small number of men in Yale or Harvard or the University of Michigan. It may be that, now and then, some very widely-known and popular professor will obtain a donation from a generous or careless legislature, as Agassiz did the other day from the Legislature of Massachusetts. But such things are not likely to happen often. And it would be a dangerous precedent for the universities as well as for the people. Once establish the custom, and the inevitable result would be that the people would demand some share in the government of the colleges, and thence would, in due course of time, spring a degradation of the university standard in order to meet popular demands. In a little while we should see the universities lowering themselves to the level of schools, in order that they might reap the same pecuniary benefit. For these reasons, we are very unlikely to see the day when the higher institutions of learning will have much popular support. The support they are to receive must come from individuals; by rich and benevolent men must our schools of art and science, our colleges and our universities, be built; as yet we are lamentably deficient in them. We have already referred to the noble examples of Street and Sheffield; but there must be thousands of Streets and Sheffields before we reach the point at which we can effectively compete with older countries.

The want of accurate knowledge on the part of benefactors is one of the most serious difficulties with which our universities have to contend. There is a popular impression, for example, that our best colleges, Yale and Harvard, are already so rich that a man can give to almost any object he pleases without doing harm. The impression is a most mistaken one, as those most intimately conversant with the affairs of the colleges we have named could testify. Harvard is supposed to be rolling in riches; yet within a year, a general subscription fund has been started by the alumni, with the intention of raising half a million dollars, not to build an ornamental fence, nor to gild the lightning-rod on the college buildings, nor to found a museum of palæontology, but to carry on the general business of the college, for the salaries of the professors and tutors, to buy books, to pay for necessary repairs. A professor in Harvard College has three-fifths the salary of a Massachusetts Justice of the Supreme Court, and within a year one of those justices has resigned on account of insufficient salary. Yale is still worse off. It must be evident from this that those who wish to

benefit these institutions of learning ought to make a few enquiries before they begin. The natural desire of all men to connect their names with whatever they do causes most of the men who give to colleges to make special restriction of the applications of their funds, so that with the gift may be bound up their fame for all coming ages. In this way arise multitudes of Jones, Brown, and Robinson professorships of every imaginable description, more than half of them ill supplied with funds and eking out a miserable existence as best they may. For instance, Mr. Jones, having fifty thousand dollars to give away, gives it to the college which educated him, on condition that she shall apply the fund to the establishment of the Jones professorship of natural history. The fifty thousand dollars will just support a professor, without supplying either a museum or specimens. So the professor borrows a room, and gets along as well as he can without any of the necessary implements of his profession. Next year comes along Brown; and, having another fifty thousand to give, establishes the Brown professorship of chemistry. And so in time we have the Robinson professorship of mineralogy. Here we have three professors established, without sufficient salary, forced to teach important branches of science without any of the appliances absolutely necessary for the purpose.

This is merely an example of the condition of half the colleges in the United States, and comes from the natural desire of man to connect his name with whatever he does, combined with the densest ignorance of what is really wanted. The remark of Mr. Eliot on this subject in his recent admirable inaugural address at Harvard applies to one college almost as well as to another. "The Corporation thankfully receive all gifts which may advance learning; but they believe that the interests of the university may be most effectually promoted by not restricting too narrowly the use to which a gift may be applied. Whenever the giver desires it, the Corporation will agree to keep any fund separately invested under the name of the giver, and to apply the whole proceeds of such investment to any object the giver may designate. By such special investment, however, the insurance which results from the absorption of a specific gift in the general funds is lost. A fund invested by itself may be impaired or lost by a single error of judgment in investing. The chance of such loss is small in any one generation, but appreciable in centuries. Such general designations as salaries, books, dormitories, public buildings, scholarships, graduate or undergraduate, scientific collections, and expenses of experimental laboratories, are of permanent significance and effect, while experience proves that too specific and minute directions concerning the application of funds must often fail of fulfilment, simply in consequence of the changing needs and habits of successive generations." To this advice might be added, for the benefit of intending benefactors, three short directions: 1st, Recollect that you yourself probably know little about the subject; 2d, Recollect that there are those who know all; 3d, Consult them.

#### A CONTRAST WORTH NOTICE.

"THE banks quote money excessively stringent. Not only have they literally no surplus loanable funds, but many of them will be under the necessity of calling in their demand loans. . . . The low price of grain has brought the grain movement to a comparative stand, and all kinds of business are overcome by a stagnation which it is impossible to shake off" (Chicago Times, November 3).

"The city banks report that the pressure for discounts at the present time is without parallel since the organization of the banks" (New York Evening Post, November 6).

"The banks report a pressure from their mercantile customers exceeding anything experienced since 1860. They are unable to more than half supply the demand of the West for currency to move the crops. . . . The position of the mercantile interest of this city is assuming a critical aspect; and with it is involved the commercial interest of a large portion of the country" (New York Commercial Advertiser, November 6).

"The grain market was seriously depressed to-day by large receipts and pressure to sell" (Financial Chronicle, November 5).

"At this moment, but one new vessel is on the stocks in our great ship-yards. Six years ago, during this same month of September, thirty-two large ships were building in New York and Brooklyn" (New York Times, September 25).

"The price of wheat in Cincinnati is below the price of any time in twenty years" ("Veteran Observer" in New York Times).

"Acres of berries are kept unpicked, wagon-loads of the finest melons are left in the field or fed to cattle; apples, tomatoes, and other articles of the crop are left ungathered, because it does not pay" (New York Tribune, September 3).

"Two weeks ago, potatoes of the finest quality sold in Davenport at twenty-five cents per bushel. Considerable complaint is heard on all sides of dull times. Farmers are holding back large quantities of grain in hopes of better prices. Rents are considerably lower than last year" (Chicago Correspondence New York Evening Post, November 4).

"Potatoes are unusually abundant, and will not admit of transportation to market at present or prospective prices" (Cincinnati Price Current, November 1.)

"The ease in call loans at five to six per cent. continues unchanged. The stock market is strong, with a generally buoyant feeling. All prices are higher" (All the daily papers).

"According to the consolidation between New York Central and Hudson River, the stockholders of Central are to receive upon every one hundred shares of stock one hundred shares of consolidated stock, one hundred and seven shares of consolidated scrip, and \$1 80 per share in cash. The stockholders in Hudson River receive one hundred shares of consolidated stock and eighty-five shares of consolidated scrip" (Financial Chronicle, November 6).

"Unveiling of the Vanderbilt Bronze, Tuesday, November 9. Programme of arrangements. List of the financial, commercial, legal, municipal, military, and civic dignitaries that will attend the ceremony, etc., etc." (Half-column advertisement in all the daily papers).

"James Fisk, jr. What became of a Vermont peddler. Profitable combination of cotton, army contracts, gold and railroad stocks, etc., etc. . . . His future career will be watched with interest by the whole American people, and whether his life be spared for a longer or shorter period, he can make his exit from the world with the proud satisfaction of having once made considerable stir in it" (First and last words of a four-column biography in the New York Herald, November 7).

It seems scarcely possible to add to the force of these simple statements in their naked contrast. Commerce in a critical condition, our mercantile marine decayed, money unobtainable to move the crops; but money is easy on call loans, and stocks are buoyant. Crops rotting in the field because they do not pay to bring to market, potatoes fed to hogs because they will not pay for transportation, business everywhere dull; but stocks are higher. Two hundred shares of consolidated stock, one hundred and ninety-two shares of consolidated scrip; and \$1 80 in cash. And out of this solid foundation of ruined commerce and rotting crops, and "\$1 80 in cash," rise the twin columns of biography: Vanderbilt in bronze, Fisk in type-metal. It is a picture of the times.

We do not intend to insult Mr. Vanderbilt by coupling him with Fisk, jr. There is enough contrast even as they stand grouped to do justice to both. The solidity of Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth is well represented by enduring bronze. Mr. Fisk's fortunes are typified in the Herald eulogy. But though unlike, they cannot stand apart. They are both creatures of the same circumstances, both products of the same soil. The sturdy yellow pine and the poisonous creeper both find their foothold in the same morass, both thrive by killing whatever grows near them. But without the morass both are impossible. Out of the morass of reckless extravagance, of paper money and national debt, of public and private corruption, have grown these twin colossi of wealth and power, who own millions of money, hundreds of miles of railroad, several legislatures, governors, and city administrations, numerous judges, sheriffs, and other paraphernalia to impress awe upon the unwary, and who dispose with more than imperial despotism of the lives, liberties, and property of a large portion of their fellow-citizens.

## THE NEW RÉGIME AT HARVARD.

It has been so generally believed that Mr. Eliot's election to the Presidency of Harvard was—owing to his youth, his scientific tastes and training, and the avowed novelty of many of his views on education—a sign that the long-threatened revolution in university training had begun, that his inaugural address was looked for with a good deal of interest and even anxiety. It has now been issued in a pamphlet form, and we advise anybody who wants to inform himself as to what the new spirit which is taking possession of our colleges is, or at least ought to be, to get it and read it. It will probably disappoint a good many people, and notably those who expected to find in the author a "fine young radical," armed with a pickaxe and crow-bar, and rendered furious by the sight of anything standing upright, or growing, and whose idea of a university is an establishment like the fair of the American Institute, with a few halls attached for perpetual lyceum lectures open to both sexes. Mr. Eliot's notion of the functions of a university is substantially that expressed by Mr. John Stuart Mill, in his celebrated attack on Professor Sedgwick, and he consequently denies that the endless controversies "whether general education should be chiefly literary or chiefly scientific have any practical lesson for us to-day." "This university," he says, "recognizes no real antagonism between literature and science, and consents to no such narrow alternatives as mathematics or classics, science or metaphysics. We would have them all, and at their best. To observe keenly, to reason soundly, and to imagine vividly, are operations as essential as that of clear and forcible expression; and to develop one of these faculties, it is not necessary to repress and dwarf the others. A university is not closely concerned with the applications of knowledge until its general education branches into professional. Poetry and philosophy and science do indeed conspire to promote the material welfare of mankind, but science no more than poetry finds its best warrant in its utility. Truth and right are above utility in all realms of thought and action." The failure of universities to meet the requirements of the time is to be met, he thinks, not by giving any one branch a decided predominance, but by improving the methods of instruction, which—and in this men of all parties will heartily agree with him—are in a lamentably low state: witness, in the literary course, the almost total neglect of the English language, and the crass persistence with which the ancient languages and literature are forced upon boys who are all the while left almost completely ignorant of the history, life, and manners of the people who produced these languages and literature; witness, too, in the scientific courses, the reliance on books apart from actual experiment and observation. "The prevailing methods of teaching science indeed," Mr. Eliot says—and *haud impertus loquitur*—"the world over, are on the whole less intelligent than the methods of teaching language." He proclaims boldly, too, that the end of scientific teaching is not so much to load young brains with "facts"—which in nine cases out of ten, even if the student retains them, serve no purpose beyond making him an unmitigated bore, and giving him a false conceit of his place in the world—as "to develop and discipline those powers of mind by which science has been created and is daily nourished, the powers of observation, the inductive faculty, the sober imagination, the sincere and proportionate judgment."

There is, however, nothing more valuable and more significant in the address than a protest it contains against dogmatic teaching of philosophical subjects. "They are not established sciences; they are full of disputed matters, and open questions, and bottomless speculations. Exposition, not imposition, is the professor's part"—in other words, his business is not to tell the student what to think, but to furnish him with the materials of thought. "The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking." Hitherto, the custom of American and English universities has been to teach philosophy very much as mathematics is taught, and hand the conclusions of a school, or it may be a small school, to the student with as much solemnity, and as much contempt for doubt, as the multiplication table or the rule of three. The venerable Dr. Spring of this city was, in his hot youth, we believe, tried before an ecclesiastical court for entertaining certain doctrines on the subject of "human ability" which we believe—though we speak with proper lay diffidence—the whole Presbyterian Church now either holds or permits. In his defence he stated his views, which, however, appeared so outrageously absurd to one member of the court, that he declared with a scornful laugh that what the culprit needed was to have his head put under a pump. Much of our teaching of the various philosophies to young men is now done in the spirit of this doubtless learned but somewhat prejudiced divine.

In pleading for variety in the university curriculum, for the supply of



facilities to the student of choosing the teachers and subjects which experience has shown are best adapted to his special powers and intellectual needs, President Eliot strongly denounces the uniformity in instruction which is still too prevalent among American colleges, and says that "the civilization of a people may be inferred from the variety of its tools. As tools multiply, each is more ingeniously adapted to its own exclusive purpose. So with the men that make the state. For the individual, concentration and the highest development of his own peculiar faculty, is the only prudence. For the state, it is variety, not uniformity of intellectual product, which is needful." And *à propos* of this, he makes some other remarks, to which we request our old friends, the War-Horses, now grazing in their home pastures, to listen with cocked ears and extended tails:

"As a people, we do not apply to mental activities the principle of division of labor; and we have but a halting faith in special training for high professional employments. The vulgar conceit that a Yankee can turn his hand to anything we insensibly carry into high places, where it is preposterous and criminal. We are accustomed to seeing men leap from farm and shop to court-room or pulpit, and we half believe that common men can safely use the seven-league boots of genius. What amount of knowledge and experience do we habitually demand of our lawgivers? What special training do we ordinarily think necessary for our diplomats? In great emergencies, indeed, the nation has known where to turn. Only after years of bitter experience did we come to believe the value of the professional training of a soldier to be of value in war. This lack of faith in the prophecy of a national bent, and in the value of a discipline concentrated on a single object, amounts to a national danger."

We are only attempting here, by noticing a few of the principal points, to indicate the general drift of a discourse which everybody will find worthy of thoughtful perusal. Amongst its merits is its style, which, barring a slight abruptness, sometimes running into jerkiness, is one which students might well take for a model, and through the whole there runs the glow of an enthusiasm for culture in its highest sense, which warrants the hope of great things, not at Harvard only, but in the other universities of the country; for it is an enthusiasm which is sure to spread, and has already taken possession of a large number of the younger professors, and on the maintenance and diffusion of which we verily believe some of the highest interests of civilization depend for their safety, in the period of confusion and uncertainty through which the moral and intellectual man is now passing.

#### FRANCE.—THE EMPEROR'S SUCCESSORS.

PARIS, October 15, 1869.

It seems astonishing to note how very little foreigners—even those who live in France—observe the enormous changes that are every day taking place in this country. If these modifications are to go on during the next ten years as they have been doing for the last ten, there will be not a type of the genuine Frenchman (as he used to be) extant in 1880. The women change less rapidly; but they will follow, and the boys of fifteen of to-day, when at five-and-twenty, will hardly take for wives the daughters of the *cocodettes* of our time, unless they have completely changed the manner of their ways. It need scarcely be remarked that the population of France has been pretty thoroughly Anglicized; and not the least curious part of the history is, that it has been mainly the work of Louis Napoleon personally. In order to escape from the exigencies of French (purely French) traditions, which must always have remained inimical to the Bonaparte establishment, the Emperor, by every means in his power, favored the introduction into this country of whatsoever was British, from habits, customs, and thought down to English nurses and big wash hand-basins. The consequence has been one he never expected, but which is easy to understand: the children who could barely speak plainly at the period of the *coup d'état* are young men now of twenty-four or five, who speak English more than they do French, and who have imbibed English notions of independence, political freedom, and political dignity.

With this generation Louis Napoleon must count, and he has much contributed to his own embarrassment. Besides, he all of a sudden finds himself between two hostile parties, which for a foreigner are well worth being studied: these two are the party of French tradition, and the party of English political ideas. The former, as I said, is entirely dying out; but it is not dead yet. There are thousands of men between the ages of thirty and fifty or fifty-five who still belong to it, and for the next ten years, if a chance were given to them, they would readily try their hands at the work of governing. The nineteen-twentieths of these, the followers of real French tradition, are naturally what are termed Royalists; they inhabit the provinces, and they retain vast influence still. The twentieth

portion are Republicans, inhabit the great towns, and have very little influence indeed.

The so-called Royalists hold more or less to the Comte de Chambord, though they believe no longer in him; the party of English ideas are almost to a man Orleanists; though, as matters now stand, this term requires explanation. Five or six years ago, no party had fewer chances than the Orleanists. The ranks of the Opposition were filled by pure Royalists and pure Republicans, and it was by common consent agreed that Orleanism meant nothing at all, and could nevermore have a chance. But parliamentary eloquence rose again to honor, and, after the elections of 1863, the speeches of Thiers, Berryer, Favre, Simon, and others (and the fatal mistake of the Mexican expedition), gave a violent rebound to public opinion, and, through the passage of republican institutions, men began to see their way once more to constitutional monarchy. It is quite true what the Imperialist journalists have been saying all the time of the late elections, namely, that under the mantle of republicanism the two-thirds of the new deputies have meant the gradual but certain restoration of limited monarchy under a prince of the house of Orleans. This is quite true, and this is the peculiar form under which the larger number of Frenchmen now think they discern a safe, peaceful, honorable, and economical future for France. Many of the higher, nobler spirits in the nation (such as Edgar Quinet, for instance, and some few of his stamp) regard this as a deplorable error, and as the weakest of all backslidings, and (as did Lamartine in 1848) affirm that in a republic alone can there be any chance of morality and prosperity for a country which has now learnt such an incurable contempt for kings; but it is none the less certain that the larger part of the country would prefer a "quiet régime" less startling than the more timid affect to think a republic.

As it is probable that we are more nearly approaching the very eve of greater events in France than is generally supposed out of doors, it is perhaps not without interest to cast a glance over the individuals who may ere long play a prominent political part here. We will suppose what they call here "an incident"—there would be immediately in hostile juxtaposition the Empress and her son, and Prince Napoleon. Prince Napoleon is so very superior a man in every sense that it is quite possible he may inaugurate the republican régime in France, and many are they who believe that this would be the best of all possible solutions. But failing this, what then? People are beginning to say, The monarchy of the Orleans princes. Here again comes a question of the time—the moment of the change. If it comes (as seems most probable) within the next five years, there will be some trouble given by the Royalists, who would rather be associated with the determined Republicans than with the men of the July school. If the Comte de Chambord abdicates, well and good; then a very small remnant of men whose absence is better than their presence for any régime will sulk all alone in their country retirement; but if Henri V., as he will then be called, does not abdicate, strange as it may appear, there will be a considerable provincial force that will abstain from giving aid and support to the commonwealth.

Then again, in the Orleans family, *who?* For even with themselves it is an open question. If the right of legitimate succession were to be invoked, it would be the Comte de Paris of course; but in this case right is obsolete, and the question is one of expediency. If "right" were to be the guide, say the Royalists, *our* prince is indisputable; no one else has a right; but as right would be made inferior to expediency, any of the Orleans princes are equally eligible. Those who examine the matter impartially, opine either for the Duc d'Aumale or the Duc de Chartres, protesting that the Comte de Paris is not equal to the task that would be demanded of him. Then again, the Duc d'Aumale is chiefly a soldier, and France has absolutely nothing more to do with military men or military glory. The Duc d'Aumale is a very intelligent, sensible man, in the ripe prime of years and of health; but what is not military in him is literary, and I doubt whether the chronicler of the Condés would ever be brought to see that France has outlived all possibility of warlike achievements.

The Comte de Paris is what is commonly called an "excellent young man," but perhaps less thoroughly of his time than is supposed. He is, above all, as ill if not worse mated than the Emperor Napoleon; for his wife, in addition to being a Spaniard, with the narrow education and religious zeal of her nation, is a Bourbon, and might not be without an influence which the French have suffered too much from to bear it again. Of the Duc de Chartres much good is said on all sides, and in almost every sense.

## Correspondence.

## THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While well pleased with the article in the *Nation* of October 21 on the Anti-slavery Conflict, I wish to remark on one incidental sentence, and to do it in the interest of historical truth. I mean that one referring to the division of the Presbyterian Church in 1838—the only event to which in their connection the words of the writer of that article apply.

The allegation is that it was the slavery agitation which “rent asunder the great Presbyterian body.” This is indeed the belief of many. Why it is so, I think can easily be explained on other ground than the truth of that which is the matter of belief. The following points will not be questioned by any who have given study to the case:

1. The division occurred (in 1838) before the agitation had assumed anything like its full proportions, and at the end of only the first decade of the labors of the Abolitionists. It was not till seven years later (in 1845) that it seemed necessary to the General Assembly of the Old School to give a new deliverance on the subject of slavery. That last proceeding had been given in 1818.

2. In the discussions of the time within the Presbyterian Church, slavery does not appear as an alleged cause of difference. One who reads the doings and sayings in the church at that day does not find slavery entering, as beyond concealment and disguise it must have done had it been a great dividing cause. In the ecclesiastical acts relating to the division it is not mentioned.

3. The causes assigned for the division are sufficient and suitable. These are doctrinal differences, looseness in regard to governmental form, and differences of views as to the true mode of conducting church work. These causes had been existent and operative before—some of them long before—the slavery agitation arose.

4. The division was not upon the line where it should and would have been had slavery been the dividing cause. There was a New School party in the South which included some most ultra pro-slavery men. This continued to be an integral portion of the New School Church for twenty years after “the great Presbyterian body was rent asunder,” ceasing to be so by secession, I think in 1857. And on the other side, there have always been some very decided anti-slavery men in the Old School Church.

Do not these things prove that it is not true in any proper sense that the slavery agitation “rent asunder the great Presbyterian body?” That, had there been no other causes preceding, slavery some years later would have effected a division, I believe and grant. This is shown by the fate of other bodies, and by the courses with reference to slavery since taken respectively by the Old and New School branches—courses explainable apart from the division of 1838 and the differences operative toward and in it, and yet themselves coming in afterward to increase the distance between the two branches. But, contrary to the inference from the fact that the abolition of slavery has helped toward the reunion now imminent, remains the historical truth that slavery was not the cause of division, was not even one of the causes.

W. A. H.

[Our correspondent is technically in the right. The question of slavery was not one of the avowed issues on which the Presbyterian Church divided, and does not appear upon the record as such. But we still hold the opinion formed at the time in common with many attentive and deeply interested observers of that transaction, that this question was a prevailing though secret cause of that division. In a sense it is true, as our correspondent says, that the agitation had not “assumed anything like its full proportions.” But if he thinks that it had not most deeply stirred the public mind, and caused profound disturbance in church as well as state, he is mistaken in his recollection or his information. There was no period in its history in which Abolitionism caused such agitation in the elements of society, political, religious, and social, as during those early years. The New York, Boston, and Utica mobs, with multitudes besides, occurred before 1838. The mail had been robbed in Charleston in the interests of slavery and justified at Washington. Amos Dresser had been flogged, Lovejoy murdered, the Pennsylvania Hall burnt, and the Right of Petition denied, before then.

The church as well as the state was keenly alive to the certain issue of the agitation of the slavery question if it were permitted to go on. In all its great divisions, it had begun to labor with such ministers and members as had implicated themselves with it, and with such effect that only two years later (1840) the secession from the American Anti-Slavery Society took place, carrying with it, we believe, every minister and nearly every church member belonging to the South. In the Presbyterian Church, the influence of this agitation was deeply felt, and the sure instinct of slaveholding truly foreboded the result if it could not be stayed. Many of the most brilliant and promising of its younger sons were tainted with the new heresy. Nearly, if not quite, all of the students at Lane Seminary, who left it because of the restrictions put upon their anti-slavery action, were Presbyterians. Lovejoy was a Presbyterian minister when he fell a martyr at Alton. The astute leaders of opinion in that church saw that strong measures should be taken to separate the precious from the vile. Hence, in large measure, as we believe, the separation of the Old School and the New. We are confident that abundant proof of this fact may be found in the contemporary utterance and action of single churches and presbyteries, though all mention of it is carefully excluded from the records of the General Assembly of 1838. In this opinion we are confirmed by a well-known gentleman, then a member of the Presbyterian Church, and for years afterwards of the New School division—a most acute and earnest spectator of the whole transaction, who assures us that it is his belief, not merely that the anti-slavery agitation was a main occasion of the division, but that, had it not been for that agitation, the division would never have taken place at all. This is but an opinion, it is true, but it is the opinion of an expert, as would be allowed did we feel free to mention his name. Our space will not admit of our giving more room to the discussion of this question, which can only be decided by a laborious investigation into the discussions and acts preceding and accompanying the division of 1838. This will be a part of the duty of the future historian of the anti-slavery movement.—Ed. NATION.]

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT announce that Professor Pumpelly's new book on Arizona, China, Japan, and Siberia will contain a chapter on Japanese art, by Mr. John La Farge, who is probably as well qualified to make such an essay as any one else in the country, his knowledge, taste, and the delicacy of his discrimination being very much trusted in by those familiar with his critical views in art and literature. The book will be supplied with a number of maps, and will be adorned with some curious fac-similes of Japanese wood-cuts, caricatures of one kind and another, and some realistic representations of birds and insects, of Japanese mechanics at work, and of other persons engaged in characteristic occupations. We do not know by what process these wood-cuts have been reproduced; but it would require an eye better skilled than ours to detect at first glance that they are not originals.—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have in press and will immediately publish these works, as well as some two or three “juveniles” which we do not mention: “A Search for Winter Sunbeams,” by Mr. S. S. Cox, who was abroad last winter, and who wrote home some fairly good letters to the *World*, which, we suppose, now reappear; “Titania's Banquet, and other Poems,” by Mr. George Hill; a reprint of Mr. S. Baring-Gould's “Origin and Development of Religious Belief,” the third volume of “The Physiology of Man,” by the younger Dr. Austin Flint, who designs to show in this work “the existing state of physiological science as applied to the functions of the human body;” and a poem by Mr. William Allingham, illustrating thirty-six designs, printed in colors, by Richard Doyle.—Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce a translation of a German romance by Otto Ruppius: “Two Hemispheres” is the title. Another publication by the same house will be “The Capture and Escape; or, Life among the Sioux,” by Mrs. Sarah L. Latimer.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce “The Heart of the Continent,” by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; “Old Horse Gray”—poetry, we suppose—by Mr. Edward Hopper; “The Holidays: Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; Their Social Festivities, Carols,” etc., by Mr. N. B. Warner, who has the



aid of Mr. Darley's pencil; "Health by Good Living," by Dr. W. W. Hall, of *Hall's Journal of Health*; and, finally, a work on political science—by a publicist whom we do not know, Mr. E. Mulford—with the title, "The Nature and Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States."—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce "Askaros Kassiss, the Copt," a romance of modern Egyptian Life, by Mr. Edwin De Leon; "Divisions of the Society of Friends," by Mr. Thomas H. Speakman; "The Professor's Wife," a work by Miss Annie L. Macgregor; "Magdalena," by E. Marlitt—another of the innumerable translations from the German; "The Lonely Ones," by Paul Heyse, who is well worth translating; "Puck, His Reminiscences, Adventures, and Observations," related by himself and edited by 'Ouida'; and "Marguerite, Baroness Lichtenstein," by the author of "Zelica."—Messrs. Roberts Brothers have, as usual, a very good list to offer for this month and next. They announce "Roman Imperialism," by Prof. J. R. Seeley; "The Earthly Paradise at Autumnal Period," by William Morris; "The Autobiography of a Small Boy," by Percy Fitzgerald; "Little Max," with fifteen etchings, by R. Geissler; "Mauprat," a novel, by George Sand; "Wenderholme," by Philip G. Hamerton; "Cassimir Maerema," by Arthur Helps; "Spinoza: The Life of a Thinker," by Berthold Auerbach; The "Volkskalender" Stories, by Berthold Auerbach; "Cornelius O'Dowd's Opinions on Men, Women, and Other Things in General;" "Mrs. Oliphant's Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.;" "Rossetti's Life of Shelley;" "Songs of a Wayfarer," by William Davies; "Freiligrath's Poems," edited by his daughter; and "Konewka's Illustrations to Goethe's Faust."

—The managers of the Boston Public Library announce that they will be pleased to receive from any source any magazine, paper, broadside, or print, illustrating the recent Humboldt anniversary as celebrated in this country or in Europe, and likewise any article in print referring to the Stowe-Byron controversy. The officers of this institution have for some years been in the habit of making similar collections. They have, for instance, fourteen folio volumes containing a complete record of Mr. Lincoln's assassination; one volume containing the narrative of Mr. Edward Everett's death; one relating to the great fire in Portland; one to the observance of Decoration Day in May last; two giving the sentiment of the country as signified by the press on the morning after the election of President Grant; one concerning the great gale which visited Boston and so nearly destroyed the Coliseum; and one concerning the semi-centenary of the Odd Fellows in April of this year. It is intended that there shall be also a special collection of Frankliniana, and the management will gratefully acknowledge any assistance which may be rendered them in making the collection a complete one. It will, if possible, include every edition of Franklin's works, or of any one of them, every book written wholly or in part about him, and every magazine article dealing with him, all the portraits of him, every broadside, and, in short, every memento of this most distinguished of all the sons of Boston. It is further announced, and this especially concerns the clergy, that the library is now rich in every department that is of interest to the clerical book-lover. The possession of the Prince Library makes it strong in the theology of the fathers of New England; the Parker Library, got together by the late Theodore Parker, a multifarious reader of theological works, old and new, domestic and foreign, is curious and varied; the library of the late Chester Field, a "zealous collector of works relating to the Methodist Church," probably gives the Public Library better material for the history of Methodism than can elsewhere be found; and the general purchases made by the authorities have been large. Altogether, in this particular kind of literature, including all its branches, the Library is, relatively to other collections, and absolutely, rich. There is but one, even of strictly theological libraries, that exceeds it in the number of volumes; the Union Theological Library of this city has about 28,000 volumes, while the Boston Library has 15,000. One other thing we may add: the superintendent has recently caused to be issued "A Class List of Fiction," containing the titles of all the books to be described as coming under the head of Fiction which belong to the library. It will be found very useful by many other persons than those who use the books themselves, for it gives in almost all cases a full list of the works of the authors mentioned, and often some other information, as, for example, the real names of pseudonymous writers. Thus, after the name of the "Countess Dash" we find it stated that the true name and style of that novelist is Cisterne de Courtiras, Vicomtesse de Saint Mars. This list is, we believe, for sale for two cents, and is kept even with the times by the addition, in monthly bulletins at a cost of two cents each, of the titles of all the fictitious works that have been purchased during the month preceding. By-and-by a catalogue similar in character will be provided for

the poetry in the Library and for the works in other departments.

—The *Cornhill Magazine*, which is seldom without some good thing, is just now publishing a noticeable series of articles, by Mr. Matthew Arnold, which many of our readers would like to see. They were called out by the appearance of Renan's "St. Paul," and their purpose is to deny the truth of the French critic's assertion that the influence of St. Paul is soon to cease. "After having been for three hundred years the Christian doctor *par excellence*, Paul," says Renan, "is now coming to the end of his reign." Protestantism has made Paul, the argument runs; Pauline doctrine and Protestantism are one and the same. Protestantism is touched with the pangs of death, and with its disappearance disappears its father and founder. To this conclusion as to the speedy decease of Protestantism Mr. Arnold does not say no. True enough, he says, "The Protestantism which has so long used and abused St. Paul is coming to an end. . . . Its fundamental ideas, sounding forth still every week from thousands of pulpits, have in them no significance, and no power for the progressive thought of humanity. But the reign of the real St. Paul is only beginning; his fundamental ideas, disengaged from the elaborate misconceptions with which Protestantism has overlaid them, will have an influence in the future greater than any which they have yet had—an influence proportioned to their correspondence with a number of the deepest and most permanent facts of human nature itself." Mr. Arnold then goes on to state the creeds of the two great divisions of Protestantism as it is in England—the Arminian division and the Calvinist; and so far as we are acquainted with the doctrines held in this country by the Congregationalists and by the Methodist Episcopalians, his statement is true for America also, and would be admitted to be so if submitted to the examination of competent theologians. Except, that we think we are not wrong in saying that the great body of communicants of the American churches we have mentioned hold their creeds with much more of mental reservation, or, rather, modification, than do their brethren in England. The old creed may—even as a rule—be preached in all its strictness; and very probably it would not be formally abandoned by any convocation that might be called together; but we should say that it is not really held in all its strictness by more than a minority of church-members, whether lay or clerical. So much for that point, on which we doubt if Mr. Arnold holds quite the right opinion. Knowledge of America is not his strongest point. After he has described Protestantism incidentally, saying some good things of Wesley and Calvin, Mr. Arnold proceeds to a consideration of the character of Paul—his national character, and his personal, so to speak; and here he gives us what seems to us good criticism—a view of Paul which, to our apprehension, goes deeper than Renan's, and, indeed, deeper than any other with which we have any acquaintance. Of the discrepancy between the apostle's religious belief and that of his followers in our day he is to speak hereafter. When the articles are finished, they will make a thin volume, which should properly be bound up with the author's "Culture and Anarchy," with which they have a certain connection. We may add that these essays and those, although not undisfigured by the consciousness of self, to which we owe so much of what is good and of what is bad in Mr. Arnold's writings, are both, on the whole, more earnest and manly than it is common with their author to be. Why, by the way, now that we are speaking of the magazine, cannot some of our magazines procure a design for their covers as tasteful and pretty and appropriate as that which adorns the *Cornhill*, and makes it a pleasure to look at? The *Overland*, with its grizzly bear standing across the track of a railroad, is not badly off in this respect, and *Putnam's* maize and sugar-cane will do; but we think of no other magazine that is not weak, or worse, as regards its designs.

—As many of our readers know, it is the uniform custom of the London *Saturday Review* not to correct any misstatements which it may happen to fall into. We may, we suppose, say "uniform custom," though we believe we do remember a sort of an apology that the editor once made to some bishop or other church dignitary. The reason for this rule we do not know, but the effect of it is to impart to the port and presence of our contemporary a majesticalness well calculated to strike awe into all beholders. As to the justice of its procedure in standing by all its sins and errors after it has been shown them, and in sending them down to the most remote posterity to the greater or less injury of this and that innocent person—that is another affair. We have been requested, in behalf of the writer of it, to give publicity in this country to the following letter. We may remark that there was a lifelong friendship between Herschel and Grahame. And it is interesting to see the aged astronomer,

who now must be not far from eighty, coming out with so much vigor and energy in behalf of his friend's work:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATHENÆUM:

"SIR: I have to complain of a piece of literary injustice on the part of one of your contemporary journals, which, professing to be a review of politics, literature, science, and art, denies admittance, on appeal made to it, to a correction of its own misstatement on a point of considerable importance in historical literature. In the number of the *Saturday Review* for September 25, reviewing Mr. Doyle's 'Arnold Prize Essay,' entitled 'The American Colonies previous to the Declaration of Independence,' it is asserted that 'the history of these Colonies before the declaration of their independence is a subject no English historian has as yet taken up.' In justice to a dear and lamented friend—the late James Grahame, Esq., author of a work entitled 'The History of the North American Colonies till their Assumption of National Independence,' in four volumes (the two first of which, published by Messrs. Longman, appeared in 1827, and the complete work in 1836)—I considered it my duty to point out to the editor of the *Saturday Review* the incorrectness of the statement in question, but (as I have since been informed, I might have expected) without effect. May I hope, sir, that you will aid me by the insertion of this reclamation in your widely-circulated columns in preventing a work of acknowledged merit from being thus unceremoniously thrust into oblivion? That it deserves this character appears from the fact of an American edition (now before me), edited by no less a personage than the late Josiah Quincy, in conjunction with Mr. Justice Story, Messrs. James Savage, Jared Sparks, and W. H. Prescott. It was published in Boston in 1845, with a memoir of the author—the declared motive of the edition being 'that it scarcely comported with American feelings, interest, or self-respect to permit a work of so much laborious research and merit, written in so faithful a spirit, and relating to our own history, to want an American edition.'

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. F. W. HERSCHEL."

—It is noteworthy that while the literatures of so many nations are dying out, we hear of the advent of a young literature in an ancient tongue, the Norwegian. The dialects spoken in Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Iceland, and the Faroë and Shetland Islands—are all derived from the ancient Norse, which is still preserved nearly pure in the Icelandic. When literary cultivation appeared in these countries, it came in Latin. If men wrote at all, they wrote in that tongue, and the so-called Latin period may be said to have extended down to the end of the last century. Snorrio Sturleson's "Chronicle of the Kings of Norway," written in the thirteenth century in Icelandic, was only translated into Danish in 1594. Down to a much later period, the Eddas and Sagas of Icelandic literature, "that large utterance of the early gods," were to southern Scandinavians sealed books. When Holberg, the father of modern Danish literature, began writing in the early part of the last century, there was no national literature to speak of, and he said with bitterness that his country was "almost the only land on earth where people are found willing to make it a point of honor that they should be ignorant of their fathers' tongue." Then the Danes began to collect their national songs, and at a later period the Swedes followed their example. Of the latter works, Stadach and Mohnike have given us quantities in German; and Talvi, Keightly, the Howitts, and others, many in English. Norway was incorporated with Denmark in the fourteenth century, and from that period down to 1814 the history and literature of the two countries were so intimately united that it is almost impossible to separate them. For more than three centuries the sole scientific metropolis of the two nationalities was the University of Copenhagen. The written language of the two countries is identically the same, and the same language is spoken, but with dialectic differences. These differences exist in the various provinces of Norway, while in Denmark, particularly in the districts of the German frontier, they become greater every year, and depart more widely from the old standard. The foundation of the University of Christiania, in 1811, and the constitution of 1814, gave Norway a movement of independence. Previously, the Norwegian men of letters who graduated at Copenhagen were counted as Danes, and Tullin, Wessel, and Holberg, all Norwegians, were numbered among Danish authors. Indeed, Holberg and Tullin may be said not only to have founded modern Danish literature, but to have preserved it, by their fresh Norwegian idiom and style, from the deteriorating effects of foreign contact. The impetus given since 1814 has produced a new school, and since this semi-independence the names of a few poets have come to the surface. Among them are Wergeland, Schwach, Velhaven, Andreas Munch, and Bierregard, author of a national hymn. To these must be added Ibsen, the charming Björnson Björnson, Holmboe, and Rudolph Keyser. Of these, Munch, Björnson, and Rudolph Keyser are known in this country through English translations. So new is this young national literature that the first attempt at a complete critical examination of its scientific and literary productions has just been made, and well made, at Chris-

tiania. We refer to "*La Norvège Littéraire*. Catalogue systématique et raisonné de tous les ouvrages de quelque valeur imprimés en Norvège ou composés par des auteurs Norvégiens au 19<sup>e</sup> siècle, accompagné de renvois, notes et explications littéraires, ainsi que de notices biographiques sur les auteurs. *Précédé d'une introduction historique*, par Paul Botten-Hansen, Bibliothécaire et Directeur de la Bibliothèque de l'Université Royale de Norvège, etc., etc. 8vo, pp. xii. and 272. Christiania. London: Trübner & Co." The proportion of two hundred and seventy-two pages of comment to twelve pages of catalogue shows the extent of Dr. Botten-Hansen's notes, literary comments, and biographical notices, which form a full history of the development of Norwegian literature from the period of her literary independence to the present day. At first blush, it would seem strange that a Norwegian should write of Norwegian literature in a foreign tongue, but it is eminently proper that this circular letter of introduction accrediting the new-comer to all the "nations of the earth" should be couched in the language of diplomacy.

—As important, perhaps, as any of the new English books possessing special interest for our clerical readers is an article in the last *Quarterly*, entitled "Islam." It is understood to be the work of Mr. Emanuel Deutsch, who made himself so well known some two years ago by a very learned and eloquent article on the Talmud—which, by the way, has been expanded, and is soon to appear as a book. "Islam" is a picture of the life of Mohammed, and also of the religion which he founded; and while, by reason of the fact that it does not directly touch upon Christian doctrine as its predecessor did, it will not make so much noise as that article made, it not the less is most able and eloquent, and, like its predecessor, may be said to dispose of one more of the enigmas which the East has offered to the hitherto baffled research of the Western scholar. Mr. Deutsch begins by giving us a description—very interesting and dramatically striking—of the man Mohammed, as he appeared in the earlier period of his life—kind, generous, brave, full of genuine religious fervor—before success in the world had exerted on him its deteriorating effect, and made him one more illustration of the melancholy truth so often observed, that the prosperity of the good is often the cause of their becoming bad. That such a change was wrought in Mohammed the authentic history of his later life makes it impossible to doubt. The work of personal portraiture having been well accomplished, the writer undertakes to tell us what it is exactly that the "religion of Abraham" was. In the Haggadah, says Mr. Deutsch, we have the basis of most of the dogma and morals of Islam. "Muslim" is Talmudic, and with it "Islam" itself; so is "Tahannoth," the name of the prayers for which Mohammed sought the solitude of Mount Hira; the prophet's vocabulary is in great part Talmudic, and still more so is the structure of many of his thoughts. There is to be more of this essay, and it will be eagerly awaited.

—A work of great present interest to clergymen of all denominations is a volume of essays of much ability written, to all appearance, by two learned German Roman Catholic theologians. They give a historical view of the rise of Catholic dogma, and take strong ground—though they take it without heat—against the claims of the Ultramontanists. "To us," they say, "the Catholic Church and the Papacy are by no means convertible terms." Again, the doctrine of Papal infallibility, they say, would eventually kill out all intellectual energy within the Church, and would also shatter "that dearest hope, which no Christian can banish from his breast, of a future reunion of the divided churches both of East and West. . . . In a word, we regret that doctrine and idea of the Church which has for years been commended by the organ of the Roman Jesuit as alone true." "The Pope and the Council" is the title of this work, and its authors write under the pseudonym of "Janus," which covers them both, and which may be supposed to refer also to their looking backward and forward in their survey of the Church's past and probable future. The book is well translated into English, and bears the imprint of Messrs. Rivingtons.

#### ROBERTSON'S AND BROOKE'S SERMONS.\*

THE Broad Church of England has been classified under two divisions. The first comprises those who, like the householder in the parable, bring forth from their treasure-house things new and old. They believe in the divine institution of the Church, in the inspiration of the Bible, in the essential truth of the Articles, and they believe at the same time in the free exercise of reason. They are modern men cherishing ancient credences; men living in full sympathy with the humanities of their

\* "Frederick W. Robertson's Sermons." Popular edition. 2 vols. Fields, Osgood & Co. "Sermons by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A." 1 vol. Fields, Osgood & Co.



age, and belonging to an institution that was founded and came to its full growth in bygone ages. They welcome science and philosophy, and they find God's revealed word in a collection of books thousands of years old. Their peculiarity is that they live in these different intellectual realms and climates at one and the same moment, conscious of no discord or discrepancies, fully believing that the old contains the new, that the new adopts and verifies the old, and that nothing but a method of interpretation is required to establish a perfect correspondence between the nineteenth century and the tenth or the first. The second division consists of those who, though remaining in the Church, signing the Articles and reading the word, are prepared to follow further the leading of the modern spirit, and, if necessary, to let the Bible go when it appears to stand in too sharp contradiction with philosophy and science. This latter division contains a number of accomplished scholars and critics. Of it were most of the writers of the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews." There is room here for analysis and discussion. In the first division there is none. The effort of those who are in this category must be to reconcile apparently discordant tendencies, to put new ideas into the old statements, and accommodate the old statements to the new ideas. Here is work for ingenuity, but none for criticism. Hence it comes that this section of the Church is distinguished for its preachers. The preacher is not called upon to be a theologian, a philosopher, or a critic. The less of any of these he is, the better for his popularity and success. His chief office is to edify, and the edifier is allowed to take large liberties with the exact sciences; he may lay on colors to produce effects which severe rules disapprove of. In fact, if he chooses, he may use great freedom with his books and formularies, may allegorize, spiritualize, transform, and transfigure to almost any extent, and yet be blameless. Stern veracity may quarrel with the seeming disingenuousness, but the preacher knows his privilege and uses it. He evades the point of difficulties or skillfully covers it over with flowers whose charm arrests the enquirer's attention and diverts his mind. As has been well said, when the soul asks bread he gives it not a stone but a gem, which so pleases the hungry soul that its hunger is forgotten.

Let us not be understood as casting an ugly reflection on preachers. Their business is edification, and their very devotion to their business makes them overlook the severe requirements that the instructor is under to convey none but exact knowledge. The preachers of the English Broad Church are earnest and enlightened men, actively abreast of their time, responsive to the spirit of the age, and even eager to take part in the warfare against ignorance, bigotry, assumption, whether personal, social, civil, or ecclesiastical. Their sympathies are with the people. They are interested in the laboring classes, in public education, in the immediate reform of old abuses. They preach obedience to the physical laws, and their sufficiency to ensure health; they are friends of social science; telling men to look to enlightenment for their social salvation. They have a profound faith in human nature, which they believe in educating and placing under better social conditions, as an indisputable preparation for the higher culture of religion. Their conception of the Supreme Being is noble. Their views of Providence are large and tender. Their theory of the future destiny of mankind is lofty and hopeful. Their ethics are pure, teaching that goodness is to be cultivated not from motives of hope or fear, but from motives of disinterestedness. The "enthusiasm of humanity" burns warmly in their bosoms; but for their attachment to the articles of the Creed and to the inspired authority of the Scriptures, they would be taken for men who committed themselves heartily to what is called the "genius of the century." It is this attachment that makes their position look anomalous, and their movement uncertain.

Of these preachers the best known is Frederick W. Robertson, whose sermons, after passing through several editions, now appear in a popular form. The present edition contains the five series of sermons before printed in separate volumes, and includes the lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians. To say that they express the finest characteristics of the school is but saying why they are so popular. Robertson was a man of intellect, of fresh and various thoughts, highly cultivated, trained and eager. He was a good scholar, a vigorous thinker, a man capable of drawing nice distinctions. His heart was sound, his understanding firm, his conscientiousness unflinching; but he was enthusiastic in his religious feelings; a man of sentiment, poetical, fanciful, and a born preacher. Everything with him was done with a view to edifying. Wherever he quarried he was in search of spiritual ideas. Literature, science, history, art furnished him materials for sermons. He found moral significance in everything. The driest text was juicy to him. He turned stones into

bread. He was a brave man, too; he faced doubt; he did justice to scepticism and unbelief and denial; he dealt honestly with Romanism and with atheist, with Greek and Jew, as well as he could; and the ground of this honest dealing was his faith that truth was identical with itself under all the varieties of its symbolism. He poured the old wine into the new bottles and the new wine into the old bottles, in perfect confidence that no bottle would burst under the pressure of fermentation, and that no wine would be spilled in the hasty decanting from one vessel into another. He can find a great truth anywhere, and he can find an antique vase for every truth he discovers. The ages run together; there is nothing old and nothing new. No rationalist refines away the belief in prayer more deliberately than he does; but he will make it out that his view is the ancient one held by the priests and prophets. He legitimizes the doctrine of "absolution," and persuades you that there never was anything in the papal assumption of it. The reader is fascinated by the ingenuity, the brilliancy, the beauty, the swift legerdemain which shuffles meanings so deftly in and out; the boldness, the candor, the keenness, the charity, the seeming insight, are charming; but before long comes a sense of illusion and mystification; thoughtfulness pauses to ask if all this can be true; if the candor is quite candid or the fairness quite fair. The critical mind asks if there are then no distinctions; if there is not some trick about either the bottles or the wine; if everything is true, and everything is new and everything is old, and where we are to stop in the process of legitimizing old credences and myths and superstition. Why should we not all be Romanists at once? Nay, for the matter of that, why should we not all be pagans? The glamor becomes so painfully bewildering to some persons that they lay down the volume in a sort of despair.

The wealth of Mr. Robertson's mind, to say nothing of the beauty of his character or the devotion of his spotless life, makes his productions interesting, profitable, and quickening in spite of his method. His friend and biographer, Mr. Stopford Brooke, preacher in St. James's Chapel, London, and honorary chaplain in ordinary to the Queen, is intellectually, at least, a far less eminent man. In his case, the allegorizing or spiritualizing method betrays its weakness. He, too, is manly, fresh, and pointed, but the prevailing quality in his sermons is fancifulness. He seems to be an imitator, and like imitators generally he exaggerates the worst peculiarities of his model. His interpretations of Scripture are more wonderful than Robertson's. He can not only give mystical meaning to what is written; he can infer meanings where nothing is written at all. He will find a whole philosophy in a text; he will bring a river out of a thimble. His sentimentality—we are afraid that is the name it deserves—is omniscient and omnipotent. He deduces modern education from the youth of Jesus, and draws the social problem respecting woman from the character of the Virgin Mary. So it be sentiment that makes the assertion, no assertion is extravagant. "God did not wish to live alone. He created the angels. He gave his own life to others long before man arose." Therefore "we should be gods and angels to one another." This is from a sermon on the text (mistranslated): "He maketh his angels spirits." In every discourse occur random assertions in regard to the youth and development of Jesus, the experiences of his mother, or some other matter that cannot be disputed, for the plain reason that no living soul knows anything about it. Sentiment is overworked in all departments. Thus it declaims: To doubt the existence of angelic beings is an impertinence. "It is a drop of dew in the lonely cup of a gentian which imagines itself to be all the water in the universe. It is the summer midge which has never left its forest pool, dreaming that it and its companions are the only living creatures in earth or air." Here again it reasons: "Jesus went home to common life, to subjection to his parents, and for eighteen years not a word or act betrayed his presence. *It is a fact inexplicable on the mythical theory.*" The sermons are brilliant, but heated and excessive. The preacher is earnest and humane; he means to be simple, forcible, direct; he can on occasion speak with great plainness about the false ideas and mischievous usages of society; his moral standard is always high; his ideal of personal character is always elevated; he battles stoutly against worldliness, and against other worldliness; he is a warm friend of worthy principles and just reforms; he administers rebuke courageously to a rich and fashionable congregation, and gives many a fresh thought to jaded and stale minds. He does not play the priest or affect the oracle, but speaks like a living man to living men, conscientious in the use of his thirty minutes that are all he has to raise the dead in. We would like to admire him unreservedly, but we cannot, and for the reason that his method of drawing authority from doctrines and writings, whose obvious and universally received sense

he sets aside by figurative interpretations, imparts an air of unreality, of unguineness, it is not unfair to say of affectation, to all his utterances, and especially to his most earnest ones. His views are generous, quickening, at times inspiring, but a suspicion of unsoundness in their foundations weakens confidence in their strength.

That such preachers as these two should be popular is not surprising. They are fresh, vivid, practical, and spiritual. They talk about actual men and actual society in a very pungent way, and all the while they are neither heretics nor "come-outers." Churchmen like them for allowing them to be churchmen and "live men" at the same time; others, who are not churchmen, like them because although churchmen they are live men themselves. Conservatives like them for their reverence toward instituted ordinances, rites, and creeds; radicals like them for their bravery in assailing ignorance and wrong. Even rationalists like them for their cordial adoption of rational ideas on every debatable subject of modern life. Mr. Robertson's sermons have been prodigious favorites with Unitarians, as being essentially Unitarian in doctrine, and making church and creed sound Unitarianist also. Thus, from both camps the disciples come pouring in. It is on the whole a good sign that they do; for such preaching is suggestive where it is not instructive, and to most people it must be instructive. It belongs to a period of compromise and transition: it cannot therefore be permanently valuable, but while it lasts it will deserve to last.

#### A BAD BOOK IN LINGUISTICS.\*

THIS little work is written with much apparent profundity; but it seems to be one of a class, not quite unknown in German literature, in which a minimum of valuable truth is wrapped up in a maximum of sounding phraseology. Its author is well known amongst students of language as a man of great erudition and great industry, and his contributions to South African philology have been extensive and important. He has never kept himself within the strict limits of his special department; his enterprising mind and fondness for generalizing have exercised themselves in various and wide-reaching speculations and combinations; but here his success is far from being assured, and it is doubtful whether much of his work will stand criticism. In the discussion of a question like that of the origin of language, a great deal of clear thought, of sound logic tempered and guided by sober sense, and of cautious reserve, is required—qualities which, to say the least, are not the special characteristics of his mind. We do not feel tempted to yield our opinions either to his guidance or to that of his cousin and editor, Professor Häckel of Jena, who also has a good deal to say within the same covers. The latter gentleman, particularly, appears to be one of those headlong Darwinians who take the whole process of development by natural selection as already proved and unquestionable, and go on with the fullest and most provoking confidence to draw out its details. Thus, in a note (not of his own appending, but introduced by Dr. Bleek), he is kind enough to sketch the whole common genealogical tree of man and the monkeys and apes, showing us the gorilla, the chimpanzee, and their like, on a level at the ends of the topmost branches, and enabling us to read off the exact degree of our consanguinity with each individual group of the *quadrumania*, sharp-nosed or flat-nosed, tailed or tailless. Now we, for one, must confess that we have not a particle of prejudice against such kindred; we are democratic enough to think a *parvenu* quite as good as a man with innumerable quarterings, and to hold, with Mephistopheles, that "we are, after all—what we are," no matter how we came to be so, whether by a long and tedious climb upward from a miserable semi-simious state, or by a briefer slide downward from a condition of paradisaic purity and intuitive wisdom. In fact, we must allow the justness of the claim urged by our authors, that the former account of our position is the more flattering and gratifying of the two. Who would not belong to a race whose career is steadily upward rather than to one which has once made an awful lapse, and may probably enough repeat it? Further, we have great faith in the substantial truth of the central Darwinian idea, and would no more regard the analogies and correspondences of form among different kinds and races as meaningless sports of nature, than the fossils in the rocks, which used to be interpreted as such—and are still by many, from whose knowledge and spirit those of the scientific and half-scientific denouncers of Darwin are not perhaps so far removed as they imagine. But we cannot think the theory yet converted into a scientific fact; and those are perhaps the worst foes to its success who are over-hasty to take it and use it as a proved fact.

\* "On the Origin of Language. By W. H. J. Bleek, etc. Edited with a Preface by Dr. Ernst Häckel, etc. Translated by Thomas Davidson." New York: L. W. Schmidt. 1869. 8vo, pp. 69.

Nor have we patience with men who, inspired by it, claim to be wise respecting man's grand and great-grand ancestors to a degree far beyond what is yet written in the book of science.

The eminent linguistic scholar Schleicher was also sorely infected with Darwinism, and sought to bring the science of language into relation with it in a couple of noted essays, which are far the weakest and most valueless of all his productions, though here referred to with high approval by his colleague Häckel; and it is part of Dr. Bleek's aim as well to connect the development of speech with this particular mode of the development of our race—although we hardly see how he would bring it about, since his theories seem to require only that man should have been, at some indefinite epoch in the past, a creature without language. But his course of exposition is not of the clearest; and, either by his own fault or his translator's, his expression is also often awkward and confusing, especially on the first pages. The introduction to his specific theory occupies two-thirds of the pamphlet (46 pages out of 69), and in the course of it he brings forward many views to which it is very difficult to yield assent. For example, he claims that the language of the mute animals bears to human speech nearly the same relation as the Chinese mode of printing from solid blocks bears to our own from movable types. Surely a most unfortunate and misleading comparison, and one which reduces indefinitely, we might almost say infinitely, the real difference of the two modes of communication. Animal speech is vastly further removed from ours than even the rudest picture-writing from our perfected alphabets, written and printed. Dr. Bleek's opinion on this point doubtless stands connected with his idea, dimly shadowed forth here and there, that articulate speech is distinguished from inarticulate by being broken up and mobilized—which seems to us wholly meaningless. Again, he claims that the personification of natural phenomena, and the development of a nature-religion, has "its origin in the sexual form of language"—that is to say, grows out of the classification which some languages (all those with which we are most familiar) make of objects as masculine or feminine; and he proceeds later to connect poetry and science with the same linguistic peculiarity. The extent to which he is under the dominion of this opinion may be gathered from the fact that on finding a worship of the sun and moon among certain American tribes, while the American tongues have no grammatical gender, he is ready at once to assume the derivation of a part of the culture or the speech of America from nations in the Old World who said *he* and *she*! Indeed, so arbitrary and unsound are his reasonings on matters of religious history, that when, in the sequel, he comes to make himself as offensive to "theologians" as he possibly can, they will feel justified in regarding his denunciation and contempt as of very small account.

When we arrive at last at the theory proper, we find it to be of a quite peculiar character. It is somewhat as follows: The earliest quasi-human beings uttered by mere instinct certain sounds to express certain feelings. They heard their fellows utter the same sounds. Being, like monkeys, of an imitative disposition, they could not help mocking these sounds. But, upon thus reproducing them, they were reminded of the feelings which had prompted their own original utterances. This gave them, side by side, a view of the feeling and its natural expression, an apprehension of a sign and something signified, and so brought before their consciousness the separateness and the connection of the two; it set the feeling outside of them as an object of contemplation, and gave them knowledge of that item of themselves. This was the first step in the process whereby man became man.

This theory is unnecessarily complicated. So far as there are involuntary utterances expressive of feeling (and their range is very limited), they did not need to be repeated by imitation before they could be associated with an idea of the feeling that led to them. Why could not that association follow upon their being heard simply from others' mouths, or even from one's own? Would not the most rudimentary man *in posse*, if he heard his fellow laugh or cry, understand what it meant without having first himself to *haw-haw* or *boo-boo*? Do not even the animals thus? When a gun goes off, all the shy birds near by take to flight without waiting to say "bang!" to themselves. The imitative factor is an intrusion, and may be left out of the account altogether. If the first man had not had a power of analytic apprehension, and a mastery over consciousness, very different from those of other beings, neither hearing nor imitation would have led him to anything. This power is man's characteristic, and where he received it, at whatever time and in whatever way, he became man. We object entirely to having his conversion into man treated as the result, rather than the cause, of his cultural development as man. When



the process of language-making began, man was man *in esse* as well as *in posse*, ready to have his powers drawn out and educated—just as is every human being nowadays at the commencement of its existence. And the specific moving power to the working-out of speech was not the monkeyish tendency to imitation, but the human tendency to sociality, the desire of communication with one's fellows—an element which Dr. Bleek appears not to have taken at all into consideration.

He is, further, consistently in the wrong in his view of the relation of language to thought. He holds the extreme opinion as to the absolute necessity of a word to an idea, asserting that "no cognition can come into man's consciousness otherwise than in and through language," and more to the same purpose. Here is no place to enter upon the often-repeated discussion of this fundamental point; but we may say that we do not see what sound and telling argument can be urged upon Dr. Bleek's side. Like many another before him, he mistakes one kind and degree of indispensability for another. Because, on the grand scale, language is the necessary auxiliary of thought, indispensable to the development of the power of thinking, to the distinctness and variety and complexity of cognitions, to the full mastery of consciousness, therefore he would fain make thought absolutely impossible without speech, identifying the faculty with its instrument. He might just as reasonably assert that the human hand cannot act without a tool. With such a doctrine to start from, he cannot stop short of Müller's worst paradoxes, that an infant (*in-fans*, not speaking) is not a human being, and that deaf-mutes do not become possessed of reason until they learn to twist their fingers into imitations of spoken words.

Of course, we cannot believe that a man who goes so far astray upon points of so capital consequence is capable of casting valuable light upon the origin of language; and we are forced to regard the present essay as a failure. So far as we can discover, it does not add an item of valuable information or valuable thought to the discussion of the subject; and neither its substance, its style, nor its spirit furnishes reason for its translation into English.

In a note which the translator ill-advisedly adds on a slip at the end, Professor Häckel is made to remark: "The essay has received much praise in Germany, and I hope it will have the same powerful effect in America also." We, on our part, hope that somebody is guilty of misrepresentation here; but if this is really the main effect which the work is intended by its author and editors to produce, it doubly deserves to be disappointed.

#### THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

By far the most striking and readable of the long articles in the last *North American* is that of Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, who has by this and one or two similar essays made for himself an enviable reputation as a courageous politician in the best sense of the term, and as an excellently clear and forcible writer. Indeed he may be said to be at times a little too forcible, or rather to be a little too fond of hard hitting. But this is a fault which he comes by honestly, and one which perhaps may be expected to disappear, although we do not know, either, that it has been usual for age to abate the natural force of the members of Mr. Adams's family. The characterization of Attorney-General Hoar and of Secretary Boutwell is very telling, and is restrained and dignified in manner. And we take it to be perfectly true, although it is likely that a certain number of people will not at once believe it, and we may be sure that another certain number will affect to disbelieve it, and will take a tone of easy contempt in treating of it. Already, in fact, we observe that to some of our friends in Massachusetts, considerations of Mr. Adams's youthfulness are apparently held to be of great weight; and what that means in matters of this kind we all know. "Mr. Adams is young yet," to be sure, as the *Springfield Republican* reminds us; but there is every danger, we should say, that even when he is bent with age, like the old gentlemen who are shocked at his want of years, and at a little irreverence that there is in him, he will still have his own opinion in regard to "that type of narrow political morality which has obtained so general a control of America—the product of caucuses and party promotion," and which has not yet done us all the harm it is going to do us, both by the example it sets and by the acts it performs, but which, as we have faith to believe, has seen its best days.

Mr. Adams's essay has for its main purpose to show that, as regards appointments to office, we have subverted that principle of the Constitution which prohibits the absorption by one department of the government of the powers of any other. The Senate, he charges, has got into its hands a

great share of the power of the Executive; and no one can doubt, we think, that this is indeed so. But we think, too, that in his desire to make us return to the fundamental principles of the government, to make us see how much violence we have done the true spirit of our institutions, Mr. Adams neglects to pay due attention or to give sufficient prominence to a fact that every one who calls himself, and is, "a practical man" will be likely to think a chief thing to be considered. And that is this, that in practice it was, we may say, inevitable that the theory of the Constitution should in this particular matter go by the board, because to carry it into practice has become an impossibility. Let a President throw himself ever so unreservedly on that popular feeling which, as an American, is ready to sustain any President who shall firmly declare that he will not permit offices to be parcelled out as spoils; let him even win against the Senate the victory which last spring, when the Tenure of Office act was under discussion, Grant tried hard and honestly, but possibly not with sufficient obstinacy, to win; let him get back into the hands of the Executive the power which has been taken away to be used by men like Fenton and Cameron, Pomeroy and Butler, for the building up of their own political fortunes; let him do this, and much as would thereby be done for the theory of our government—for carrying out on paper the intentions of its founders, what after all would be the practical difference? It is, so far as we can see, simply impossible that any one man could properly make all our appointments. Should he try ever so hard, Senators and Representatives would still be the President's advisers as to the fitness of candidates; they would still be men to be conciliated, the exercise of the advisory power would still have its corrupting influences, and we should still be where we are. Some supplementary device is still to seek after we have given back to the Executive the appointing power in its integrity. We are glad, let us say in taking leave of this article, that it came in Mr. Adams's way to make this remark: "Although much has been said against the President for the selection of personal friends and relatives for office, so far as this choice had any political meaning it was rather deserving of praise and support as the last remnant of the President's defeated purpose of rescuing the public service from the taint of political corruption." And then follows a word or two which suggest the improbability—practically infinite—of any one man's being able, unaided by some machinery not now in existence, thus to rescue the public service: "If a similar process of selection," says Mr. Adams, "had been carried with proper care and a wide acquaintance with men through all the public service, one principal source of corruption would have been greatly checked."

Mr. John Fiske's article, entitled "The Genesis of Language," is the result of independent research and independent thinking, and certainly does its author credit as an able thinker and writer. Any one who thinks it too much loaded with detail, and not compendious enough, should think of it as addressed to scholars and not to the general reader. It is rare, however, to find an article of such length on this subject containing so much that is sound—which, however, is not saying that it does not contain much that is unsound and should have been omitted. For example, the derivation of "woman" from an assumed Sanskrit word, "wēman" (meaning "weaver"), is a decided error, and there are more that are not dissimilar. To go to the Sanskrit directly in such a matter instead of looking first to the Germanic languages is to offend against one of the two most essential rules in comparative philology. It does honor to Mr. Fiske's sense and penetration that he sees in the imitative theory (Müller's bad joke, "bow-wow theory," ought to be let pass into oblivion), the sole acceptable explanation of the origin of speech. His suggestion of the separate origin of pronominal and a few other elements as the involuntary utterances accompanying gestures of pointing is worthy of consideration, but Mr. Fiske would admit that to accept it now would be premature. We are not yet so far along that we can deal with a question so recondite, and the resources of all existing languages must be ransacked for hints upon it before we venture on framing a theory. We may add that we feel like objecting to Mr. Fiske's use of the word "integration." Such a term is a dangerous thing to handle; involving so much, it can hardly be but that sometimes it will be employed, even by the most cautious, as a cover for unclearness of thought or for ignorance.

"The Writings of Mr. Rowland G. Hazard" is an article by Professor G. P. Fisher, and will make the reader acquainted with an author who is well worth knowing, but who has taken so little care for reputation as never to have reached his proper place in the public esteem. His life has been that of a manufacturer on a large scale, but the bent of his mind is towards metaphysical discussion, and this he has prosecuted with more than ordinary success. The nature and operation of the will in man ap-

pears to be his favorite subjects, and he maintains the freedom of it, and opposes strongly the doctrine of the school of Mr. Mill, with whom he has had more or less of private discussion, and to whom he addresses his latest work. It consists of two letters on "Causation and Freedom of Willing," and we shall at another time have more to say concerning it. Mr. Hazard's way of writing is simple and easy, and is so much the style of a plain man desiring to make clear a difficult subject, that we should think any one who has not as yet given to matters of this kind all the attention he could wish, might very profitably get our author's books and study them. Mr. Hazard is also the author of a little work on "Finance and Hours of Labor" that it will be worth many people's while to take a look at; and during the war he did the State some service by a very good exposition of the resources of the country. It was translated abroad, at home it was read widely, and it was an efficient help in putting down the rebellion.

"The Coast of Egypt and the Suez Canal" is by Henry Mitchell, of the United States Coast Survey, and is a part of a forthcoming official report. So far as we make out, the author has not a superabundance of faith in the success of the canal as a commercial highway. It is other aspects of the work, however—aspects almost purely scientific—that Mr. Mitchell deals with, and with these less than with problems presented by the Egyptian coast, the artificial harbor of Port Said, and the delta of the Nile. "Paraguay and the Present War" is by Mr. S. G. Bulfinch, and perhaps is as authoritative and accurate as anything on that subject that we are likely to get for some little time. Mr. Porter Bliss is getting ready a book, we believe; and if he will deliver a plain tale, not disdaining details, and never minding the many opportunities he will surely have for eloquence, we shall before very long have a work of value.

We have been much interested in Mr. Lewis H. Morgan's paper on "The Indian Migrations." It is to be followed by another, and the two together are intended to present such evidence bearing on the movements of our aborigines, as may be drawn from a consideration of the physical conditions under which they live, and from their systems of consanguinity, their languages, and so forth. Mr. Morgan's enquiry will include the subject of the origin of the North and South American Indians, and probably no one is better fitted than he to give an opinion. In the article before us he points out, what many of us had forgotten, that it is not so very long since the Indian was a hunter without a horse, and that therefore the prairies were of little use to him as hunting-grounds; that the forest portions of the continent were also not his best habitat, and that, as he was not an agriculturist to any great extent—at least, in the region this side of Mexico—good fishing-places were the main necessity for him. The essay then proceeds to a survey of the continent, and marks out the seats of Indian occupation, and seems to indicate that Mr. Morgan will fix upon the neighborhood of Puget Sound and the Columbia River as the cradle of the copper-colored race, though as to where he will put its birthplace he makes no certain sign. There are other things given us by the author: notably an account, seemingly very reasonable and careful, of the Aztec civilization, about which so much has been said—so much too much, we may perhaps say. And there is what appears to us a very plausible theory as to the true character of the Mound Builders, so called, who have seemed to be fairly installed in the position in our archaeology which is occupied in Ireland by the famous round towers. They were, perhaps, Village Indians, says Mr. Morgan, who came from New Mexico and found that their system of house-building would not answer in their new home. They had been accustomed to use adobe brick in the construction of their buildings, and, for reasons of defence, to close in the story next the ground, and to enter the house—which, by the way, was an immense communal dwelling—by means of ladders reaching to the flat roof. Now, on reaching the region of the Ohio River, they would find that the frosts, and rains, and snows of that climate were destructive of the sun-baked bricks, and they would have to consider the question of how to build. To make out of poles and bark a house resting on the natural level of the ground would be to change altogether their mode of building—a thing not lightly to be done, especially as their house was also their fortress. They decided, then, to substitute for the first, closed story an embankment on which this house of poles and bark might be set up in safety; and it is thus that we have the mounds. This seems to us far from being an unreasonable supposition, and we sincerely trust it may be established as the true one. In the interest of future generations, it is to be hoped somebody may go out and deposit on top of some or all of them a judicious, plausible quantity of the "charcoal and ashes, the remnants of fire-pits," the discovery of which would, as Mr. Morgan says, strengthen his theory a good deal—enough, it is likely, to shut the mouths of many archaeologists yet unborn.

All of the reviews in this number of the *North American* are to be called good, we believe, though we should not call very good the critical article on Friedrich Rückert. The review of "Kirk's Charles the Bold" is, however, excellent; that of Kinglake's last volume is more than fair; and so is that of Khéyam, albeit the English translation of the mystic is perhaps praised a little more than is necessary, clever as it is; excellent again are the remarks on Mr. Whitmore's "Andros," and those on Noeldeke's "Alttestamentliche Literatur,"—which some one should translate. The notice of Dr. Bushnell's and Mr. Mill's books about the woman question hardly satisfies the reader that the reviewer is speaking out his full mind; indeed, it perhaps suggests a doubt whether he himself quite knows it; but it is well done, speaks with accurate appreciation of both the authors under examination, and says a word or two—mild enough, certainly—about Dr. Bushnell's hazardous mode of expression—which we wish that forcible and eager writer would turn over in his mind. But the first of the reviews, that of Max Müller's "Chips from a German Work-Shop," is the best of them. We may go further, and say we doubt if we know anywhere so entirely good a book-review of the more comprehensive kind. The professor is described to us so that his place as a linguistic scholar is determined; his strength and his weakness are stated with precision, and the latter is proved by lucid and cogent argumentation; we are told the contents of the book in hand and the value of it is estimated, and we are made to see where it is good and where it comes short. All this is done in a pleasing style, which perhaps has for a fault that it is slightly monotonous, and that the regularity of its movement is apt to beguile one a little, so that now and then a distinct act of attention is required to keep fast hold of the sense. But when examined it is seen to be copious, clear, and correct; and it expresses a temper under complete control, and a mind full of knowledge, trained in reasoning, and of a judicial habit. At the end of the review proper, Professor Müller is very rightly and justly rebuked for his treatment of his brother scholars, and the spectacle is edifying. The essay is in many respects a model of composition, and to find a better example of the proper method of inflicting severe but not cruel chastisement on an offender richly deserving punishment would be indeed difficult. It is a sort of work in which not unusually chastiser and chastised appear equally undignified, and to be in positions equally undesirable.

#### HOMERIC STUDIES.\*

HERR SCHLIEMANN is a *homo novus* in the field of literature. He is, also, in a rather strict sense of the word, what the Germans call, after the Greek, an *Autodidakt*, a self-taught man. As if to explain his sudden appearance among archaeologists, he gives in the preface to his "Researches" a fugitive sketch of his life. A Mecklenburger by birth, he imbibed as a child, from the amusing narratives of his father, an inextinguishable fondness for the Homeric legends and the primeval Hellenic world. When ten years old, in 1832, he presented his father with a Latin elaboration on the Trojan war and the adventures of Odysseus and Agamemnon. Four years later, however, he was obliged to enter a retail grocery store, in which he remained upward of five years, selling herrings, butter, brandy, and milk, preparing potatoes for distillation, and doing similar unclassical things. He forgot what he had learned, but continued to cherish a desire for culture. The lifting of a heavy cask, which caused a bleeding from the lungs, finally compelled him to give up his situation. He went to Hamburg, and thence tried to get to South America, but the ship which took him out was wrecked on the coast of the island of Texel, and he had to beg his way to Amsterdam, where he succeeded, however, in finding mercantile employment and leisure for studies. With extraordinary avidity and zeal he now devoted himself to the study of modern languages, English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, and Russian, which he mastered in an almost incredibly short time. Having gone as commercial agent to St. Petersburg, he established himself there, acquired considerable wealth, and added the Swedish and Polish, and an extensive knowledge of modern and ancient Greek, to his stock of languages. He then travelled through Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Northern Arabia, Syria, and Greece, and, finally, making the tour of the world, visited, among other countries, India, China, and Japan. In 1866, he made Paris his permanent abode, determined to devote the remainder of his life to literary and chiefly archaeological research. The book before us is the fruit of diligent studies, as well as of a tour, made in

\* "Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja. Archäologische Forschungen von Heinrich Schliemann." Leipzig: 1869.



the summer of 1867, through the Ionian Isles, the southern parts of Greece, and Troas.

Herr Schliemann evinces great familiarity with his subjects and, in general, ample Hellenic erudition, and by dint of combining ancient and modern descriptions—Greek poetry and German prose—in an attractive way has succeeded in producing a very readable archaeological narrative—if we may use this expression. But he starts with so childlike a love for heroic Hellas, and so naïve a belief in his Homer—without stating the grounds on which this belief, so contrary to the opinions of many, is founded—that we must leave it to those who may in future, with his book in hand, examine the grounds traversed by him to pass judgment upon the critical value of his antiquarian observations and discoveries. Believing the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* to have composed what we might call his historical descriptions with an accuracy for which we should in vain look in the "*Gerusalemme Liberata*," the "*Henriade*," or the "*Lord of the Isles*," he makes a perfect agreement with the details of those descriptions the criterion in determining all legend-hallowed localities. With the aid of this criterion he easily overthrows many more or less hypothetical results obtained by former antiquarians, while only an examination of the spots concerned could enable us to decide whether his own positive assertions are not equally liable to be refuted by the same kind of argument. Many a discrepancy between the Homeric narrative and things as he finds them he himself acknowledges, and, where necessary, explains. Thus, the *Odyssey* speaks of the immense grain crops of Ithaca, which now produces the fourth part only of what its inhabitants consume; it speaks of swine, cattle, goats, and sheep in that island, none of which are now bred there; it tells that the swine of Eumæus were fattened on acorns, which presupposes a former abundance of oaks, a species of trees now entirely wanting. He proves that the islet of Dascalion cannot be the Asteris of that epic; but this Homeric islet must have since been engulfed by the sea if it was where he is critically obliged to place it, west of the southern extremity of Ithaca. He finds, however, no difficulty in exactly identifying in the last-named island the harbor of Phorcys, where *Odysseus* was landed, while fast asleep, by the Phæacian mariners; the two steep cliffs at its entrance and the adjoining dark grotto of the nymphs, whose urns, "stone pitchers," and "stone looms" are still discernible, he says, in stalactites, as Homer saw them; the ruins of the Cyclopean residence of *Odysseus*, on the summit of Mount Aetos, with its crumbled walls and turrets, and cisterns; the rock-hewn road by which *Odysseus* and *Telemachus* "descended from the town to the fine field of Laertes;" the field, "all around open to view," on which Eumæus built his house and twelve enclosures for the swine, ten of which are still visible in Cyclopean remains; the "rough" and "rocky" path which led the returned King of Ithaca to the abode of that faithful swineherd, and both to the palace on the Eagle Mountain; or the Homeric capital "town" of the island, on the northern continuation of the Aetos, with its two ports, north and south of the isthmus on which that mountain rises. In the many virtues he discovers in the inhabitants of Ithaca our author easily recognizes some traits of character peculiar to the Ithacans of Homer, but his picture of those secluded and ignorant islanders, so free from vice and poverty in spite of a degraded clergy and a hundred and forty-nine days of rest in the year, is too flattering to be genuine. That the dogs of Ithaca, as he says he learned to his delight on a critical occasion, can still be managed by tricks which were effectual in the good old times of *Odysseus*, is more likely to be true.

The author's orthodox belief in the accuracy of the Homeric epics is even more conspicuous in his identification of localities belonging to the topographical sphere of the *Iliad*. In arguing with Frank Calvert in favor of Hissarlik as the seat of ancient Troy, against Forchhammer, Mauduit, Nicolaides, and others, who support the claims of Bunarbashi, he adduces as an evidence for his view the movements of the Greek and Trojan combatants in the first battle described in the *Iliad*, which could not have been executed within the time stated, if the distance between the camp of the assailants and the besieged city had been as great as the opposite supposition would make it. In determining the location and extent of the Greek naval camp, he makes use even of the statements in the epic narrative according to which a harangue of Agamemnon's, made on board the vessel of *Odysseus*, was heard in the tents of both Ajax and Achilles, that is, at both extremities of the encampment, and the latter hero could, from his tent, see Nestor, who was stationed at the opposite end. We must confess arguments of this kind are more apt to elicit smiles than convictions.

*A Guide-Book of Florida and the South*, for Tourists, Invalids, and Emigrants, with a map of the St. John River, by Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. (Philadelphia: George Maclean.)—This is one of four works relating to Florida which have been sent to us within the year, but it alone is designed for a hand-book, and will be republished from year to year. It treats incidentally of the chief places along the land route to Florida, such as Richmond, Aiken, Charleston, Savannah, and Atlanta. Into the preparation of it, a good deal of personal and professional knowledge has entered, and it is to be recommended for its arrangement and fulness and variety of information. The printer has not done his part so well as the editor, so that, in an important sentence on page 52, *south* stands instead of *north*, and on page 84, *Greek* is substituted for *Creek*, with singular effect. Dr. Brinton, however, seems to us to have adopted a wrong practice in reversing—with due notice, to be sure—the geographical right and left when applied to rivers. In the first place this presupposes a rather feeble intellect in the travellers for whose convenience in ascending the St. John River the change is made, and then it compels the addition of the words east and west in parenthesis, both when the common rule is violated and when, as in one instance, it is recurred to. For the rest, invalids will be grateful for medical advice on which they can depend, and persons with scientific tastes, for hints of what to see and to search for in a land that has furnished and is still furnishing important data to geogony and ethnology. Dr. Brinton gives also an epitome of the political history of Florida, and a list of the works referring to the State in whole or in part. In summing up the advantages of various districts for the invalid, the doctor, after pronouncing against the interior on account of its debilitating heat, chooses the south-east coast as having the most equable climate in the United States, and the neighborhood of Miami River and Key Biscayne as being most accessible, though as yet without proper accommodations. The range of the thermometer is here the least, and food is, as everywhere in Florida, abundant and diversified. The experience of army officers stationed at this point seems to sustain Dr. Brinton's conclusion; certainly it does for the large class of invalids whose disease is of the throat and lungs. The mineral springs, however, scattered through the peninsula in great numbers, are likely to attract not a few health-seekers as well as mere tourists.

Except for its accurate map of the St. John River, we should hardly prefer Brinton's "*Guide-Book*," so far as it describes East-Florida, to Mr. Ledyard Bill's "*Winter in Florida*" (New York: Wood & Holbrook, 1869), which is, in fact, a little later than the former; and it is a sign that Florida is getting on somewhat rapidly, that a new and good hotel at Jacksonville can be mentioned, and a new railroad, connecting St. Augustine with the St. John, be declared a settled undertaking. Mr. Bill usually confirms the "*Guide-Book*" in its estimate of routes and houses of entertainment, while his descriptions of places are sometimes more faithful, or shall we say more graphic, than Dr. Brinton's. Thus, we should not know from the latter that the "town" of Picolata is merely the settlement of a single family, and consists of "one beer-shop, one comfortable farm-dwelling, and a few rude stalls constructed and occupied for the use of the stage-lines to St. Augustine." Of the ride to the latter place, Mrs. Yelverton has spoken in extravagant and fanciful terms in her book called "*St. Augustine*" (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1869), which Brinton mentions with the epithet "inaccurate." Mr. Bill says the lady will cause those who trust her a bitter disappointment, for "we found this ride of eighteen miles one of the most disagreeable and miserable we ever made, and through a tract of country entirely devoid of unusual attractions." He himself appears worthy of all confidence when entitled to a hearing, and he is never too positive in matters professional. He too gives a brief history that is readable of the Spanish, French, English, and American occupations of Florida, and in narrating what he saw, what is the capacity of the State, and what the temper of the people towards immigrants, talks like a person of sense and humor, with whom one might very well have liked to travel in company. We place him alongside of Brinton in value, and think no one can fail to read him with interest. Invalids, he thinks, need go no further south than Palatka, and he is certain that Green Cove will hereafter be their chief resort; but he was also favorably impressed with the enterprise at Lake Monroe, of which Brinton also speaks respectfully.

The fourth work is an official pamphlet by Hon. J. S. Adams, Commissioner of Emigration for the State of Florida, entitled "*Florida and its Climate, Soil, and Productions*" (Jacksonville, 1869). It tells, as may be supposed, all that is needful to be known, prior to examination, of a State which offers cheap lands, great facilities (actual or possible) of trans-





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